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[The QUARTERLY disavows responsibility for the positions taken by contributors to its pages.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN INDIAN AGENT.

By T. W. DAVENPORT.

On a very beautiful afternoon in the latter part of September, A. D. 1862, an equestrian alighted from his rather jaded horse, at our gate in the Waldo Hills, and presented me a letter from Wm. H. Rector, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, asking if I would accept the appointment of Special Indian Agent at the Umatilla Agency; and he desired an immediate answer.

My oral reply to the bearer of the dispatch was short and emphatic. "If I am to answer now, I say no; if I can have time to ask my wife if she will accompany me, I may say yes."

"When can you see your wife?" was curtly asked.

"To night," I replied.

"Well, if that is the case, I shall tell Mr. Rector that you can be depended upon, for the women always go. I never knew one to refuse," remarked the bearer of the message, who was none other than the very shrewd, ever-ready, hard-riding messenger of the Indian Superintendency, One-Armed Brown.

My wife was willing to go, as Brown predicted, and I re-paired at once to Salem to obtain my appointment and instructions from the Superintendent.

As to the latter, they were very brief and characteristic of Mr. Rector. He said: "I have sent for you because you are possessed of good judgment, and I believe are competent to manage an Indian Agency. I will give you an account of how

things are, up at the Umatilla, and may make some suggestions, but you must be the judge at last, and do as you think best." He began by saying that "the resident agent there, Wm. H. Barnhart, had killed an Indian some months before, under circumstances which did not seem to warrant so extreme a remedy, and the Indians were exceedingly exasperated by it. Immediately after the death of the Indian, who was of princely descent in the Cayuse tribe, Uma-howlish, their war chief, put on his war paint and feathers; others followed his example, and the agent, fearing the loss of his scalp, appealed to the military commandant at Fort Walla Walla for protection, and a detail of cavalry under Lieutenant Capps has been stationed at the agency. Add to this, that the Walla Walla newspapers, in nearly every issue, contain contradicted affidavits by Charles Goodenough, charging Agent Barnhart with irregular and peculating practices, and you will see that things at the Umatilla are not as they should be. Of course I have had no opportunity to ascertain the truth of the damaging allegations against the agent there, but from letters I have received from respectable persons residing near the agency, I have thought best to order a change for the present. So I will give you an order to Agent Barnhart, requesting him to turn over to you the property belonging to the agency. Implying letters are coming to me, from a man by the name of Pinto, who has been living with his large family at the agency for more than a year, and he states that he was induced to move there from the Cowlitz Country, by promises from influential politicians, members of Congress, etc., that he should be appointed teacher of the Indian school at that place. He is as poor as a church mouse, and in fact unable to get away by his own means. Examine his letters as to whether he was really promised anything, and if you think he was and can be of service as a school teacher, employ him; if not, cart him off. Old Doctor Teal, whose family resides at the Umatilla Meadows, some twenty miles below the agency, has been the Indians' physician ever since the agency was established. He is a man of much influence among them and

you will likely conclude that he should be retained. John S. White, superintendent of farming operations, has been there long enough to become well acquainted with the Indians, and can render you valuable service. There is a large and well assorted stock of annuity goods, in boxes and bales, at the agency, and it is getting along towards the time of year when the Indians will need them. There is no record in this office, showing the names and numbers of the individuals composing the three tribes, Cayuses, Walla Wallas, and Umatillas, gathered there, and, of course, a census must be taken first, and if you are reasonably expeditious it will be mid-winter before they get their blankets."

Mr. Rector finished as he began, by saying, "I shall give you no written instructions as to the management of the agency and you will consider yourself free to use your own judgment."

It may be well to state that I was at that time wholly unacquainted with the art and science of conducting an Indian agency. I had been led to suppose from my reading, however, that the Government had established the agency system for the double purpose of introducing the aborigines to civilization and whether more or less successful in it, to divert them by such means from the chase and the war path. As to the method of keeping accounts with the Government I knew nothing. To be sure, I had heard that it was by abstracts and vouchers, and I learned from various sources that by means of them an agent upon a salary of \$1,500 a year had been known to accumulate for himself very much more. The question was asked of Horace Greeley, how an agent, upon such a salary, could in four years get forty thousand dollars, to which he answered with grave simplicity, "It is above my arithmetic." Of course, I knew there were imperfections in the system and suspected the ordinary amount of unfaithfulness in officers, but in the main I supposed the good intentions of the General Government were fairly well carried out.

My faith was not built so much upon knowledge of what had been done, as upon the character of the men who had been

foremost in establishing the system in Oregon. And in this connection my mind reverts to that grand, good man, General Joel Palmer, whose rational altruism, exhibited on every proper occasion, left no room for doubt. He and Governor I. I. Stevens negotiated the treaty by which the three tribes, before mentioned, were brought onto the Umatilla Reservation.

At this time was held the first State Fair at the grounds in Salem, and I tarried a few days to attend it. Although it was a week interspersed almost hourly with drenching showers of rain, families from all over the State were encamped upon the grounds, and pioneer sociability, unalloyed, reigned supreme. A eleven years' residence within the State and Territory, accompanied with much rambling, had blessed me with friends and acquaintances, who wished me well, and some gave assisting advice as to how I should manage in the new role of Indian Agent. If any one of the latter neglected to remind me that "an Indian is an Indian and you can't make anything else of him," I do not now recall it.

The repetition of that peculiar phrase struck me as something queer, and I occasionally suggested that there is a difference in Indians, to which they invariably answered, "Yes, but they are all Indians." One old friend, who at that time stood high in the Federal Government, volunteered lengthy instructions, for which I was truly grateful. Not that I considered them as sound in every particular, but for the reason that he was more likely to voice the prevalent knowledge and sentiments of those engaged in Government employ, and therefore familiar with the working of the Indian system. He remarked that I was generally understood to be an ardent believer in the civilizing influence of education upon the inferior races, and that now I would have a good chance to prove to myself that I had been too optimistic. Said he: "The Indian, like the negro, is the product of a long succession of ages, with an environment favorable to barbarism, and of course you do not expect to change him much during the little time you live, and I do not think you had better undertake it. On the outside the appearance is, that the Govern-

ment is trying to civilize the Indians, when in fact there is no such intention. They are put upon reservations, where goods and rations are occasionally doled out to them, for the reason that it is cheaper to do that than to fight them. The agriculture and mechanics supposed to be taught on the agencies is all a pretense. Such things figure largely in the agency reports to the Indian Bureau at Washington, but they are in the main fanciful. The whites work and the Indians look on. The Umatilla Reservation is large enough for a county, and has in great part a fine rich soil, which should tempt anybody to agricultural pursuits. But you will find that the Government has been raising crops for the lazy, blanketed Indians to eat. You will not find the Indian of fiction and philanthropy at the Umatilla, though you may see some of the murderers of an eminent man who tried in vain to teach them Christianity and the white man's pursuits, Dr. Marcus Whitman. He sacrificed his life mainly in their interest and I shall assume there is nothing to show for it. My advice is, not to spend your time experimenting where others, after long trying, have failed. Go and do something for yourself."

The manner of my distinguished friend was earnest and his logic seemed to be good, but they only whet my curiosity to know if there had been any honest, earnest effort to advance the Indian, and if so, if the same means which had raised the white man from a barbarism as intense as that of the Indian, must fail when applied to the latter. I was not altogether unacquainted with Indians and their character, for I had frequently met them while crossing the plains, and during my residence in Oregon and Washington had traded with them, and sometimes depended upon them for food and directions, very important to me in this new country. It may seem strange, but I considered them human beings capable of modification and improvement.

On the morning of the 5th of October, 1862, I left Salem on the north bound stage with as many passengers as could be crowded into it, myself on the seat with the driver. The ground being deeply saturated by the unusually heavy rains,

our team of four strong horses was occasionally incompetent to extricate the coach from the holes wherein it had sunk to the hubs, and the calls of the driver to unload were jovially responded to by the passengers, to whom nothing came amiss.

Oregon City was reached late in the afternoon, and our toilsome stage ride, of hardly forty miles, was ended at a cost of \$7 in gold coin. Thence we avoided the mud road by boarding the little steamboat plying to Portland.

At that time the O. S. N. Co. furnished travelers with very comfortable passage from Portland, by steamboat, to the Cascades of the Columbia, around which there was a portage railroad of six miles; from there another magnificent steamboat ride to The Dalles; thence a stage ride of fifteen miles to Celilo, at the head of the Dalles, where steamboat navigation began again and continued uninterruptedly to Lewiston, on the Snake River. My river journey ended at the mouth of the Umatilla. From there I walked and rode, as I could catch it, up the Umatilla, about forty miles, to the agency, where I arrived without detention or accident on the 10th of October, 1862.

Immediately upon my arrival, my credentials were presented to Mr. Barnhart, whom I had never met, along with a kind of letter of introduction given me by Hon. B. F. Harding, at that time United States Senator from Oregon. I found Mr. B. a very intelligent gentleman, ready and willing to show me around, introduce me to the chiefs and headmen of the tribes, explain existing conditions and relate the history of the agency doings during his residence there. He likely saw that I was green in such business and therefore made several suggestions which he thought would aid me in avoiding trouble with the Indians. As to the employees, he deemed it essential that Dr. Teal should be retained as resident physician, and informed us both of his opinion.

He also recommended the retention of John S. White, the superintendent of farming, on account of his knowledge and influence with the Indians. The interpreter, Antoine Placide, a half-breed Indian, and a man of giant proportions, he char-

acterized as one half breed who could be depended upon to tell the truth, a very strong testimonial and one which, after an acquaintance, I would not diminish.

George Barnhart had been acting as farmer at a salary of \$1,000 a year, but he departed with his brother, thereby making a vacancy to be filled. Although there was no legal provision for a clerk or private secretary to the agent, Mr. B. had one, Matty Davenport, who was mustered on the roll of employees as school teacher at a salary of \$1,000 a year. As there was no actual school there, this method of paying a clerk seemed a little irregular to an outsider, but it was said to be the custom at all the agencies. Mr. B. spoke of it as "a paper fiction," and I thought the term admirable in several points of view. Matty Davenport went away with the retiring agent and there was a vacancy in the office of school teacher, and an end to the paper fictions at the Umatilla.

Before going, Mr. Barnhart remarked to me, that "the place of agent at the Umatilla is worth \$4,000 a year," to which I responded by asking how that could be on a salary of \$1,500. He made no reply but told the sutler, Mr. Flippin, that he "could show me how easy it is to do such things."

There was no difficulty in turning over the Government property, though a very broad margin was left for inaccuracies. Wheat, oats and barley, in the stack, estimated in bushels; several acres of potatoes not dug, but estimated by digging and measuring three rows; and several hundred dollars worth of medicine in the agency drug store, for which I had to take the word of Dr. Teal as to the amount. The list contained an item of five plows, only one of which could be shown, and that was broken in removing from the wagon which brought it from the implement store. It had not been used and the others were said to be on the reservation somewhere. As Mr. B. said, "may be in some fallen tree top."

To the enquiry, whether the Indians had been instructed to return them to the store as soon as they had finished their work, he said, "Yes, but the instruction was not obeyed. Oh, they do not plow, only dig with them a little. Did you ever

see an Indian plow? If not, it would amuse you. He fastens ropes to the plow clevis, and the other ends to the Indian saddles which are tied together with raw hide strings, and the squaws lead the team. The buck tips the plow up onto the nose, and in this way the ground is scratched over. The method of sowing his grain is unique too. He stands in one place and sows a circle, and then moves to another point and sows another circle. They see the white employees doing work in a proper manner but poor 'Lo' refuses to learn. They are good hunters but poor farmers," said Mr. Barnhart, and I afterwards learned that his description was about correct.

As soon as the receipts were signed, the agent, his brother and the clerk went away on horseback and I was left in command. To fill the vacancy in the office of farmer, I appointed Mr. Dow Montgomery, who had come to the agency on the recommendation of Surveyor General Pengra, and had been at work as field laborer at \$35 a month.

Dr. Teal was solicited to remain, and he consented to do so on one condition, viz: that his wife should be given the position of teacher of the Indian school. The Doctor was requested to wait until the next day for an answer to his proposal, as I had not investigated the case of Mr. Pinto, an applicant of long standing. Mr. Pinto was found to be fully competent, and the victim of those political promises, which everybody ought to know, are never intended to be fulfilled. Besides, his wife, the mother of a large family, was a consumptive invalid requiring the constant care of the older children. Mr. Pinto's case was an irresistible appeal to my sympathies, and he was given the position which Dr. Teal wanted for his wife. Other things being equal, as respects the public service, human necessities are likely to decide every case submitted to me.

Mr. Pinto was instructed to have the school room warm by 9 o'clock, five days in the week, and be there ready to teach every one in attendance, and furthermore to talk to the parents and as far as possible stimulate a desire for education.

By the treaty with these three tribes, they were promised two school houses and two teachers, but as there was one

school house, only one teacher could be profitably employed, and so Dr. Teal was informed that his wife could not be accommodated. His salary was \$1,200 a year and he was permitted to do outside practice besides, which made his position a very desirable one. Still he had been led to believe that his presence at the agency was absolutely necessary to the stability of the agent's administration, and with this idea firmly fixed in his mind he went to his home on the meadows, but not until he had, in rather bad humor, informed the influential members of the tribes that I had turned him off.

In his place, Dr. Roland, who had been a day laborer at the agency, was appointed. Mr. Backus Henry, the carpenter, a brother of Dr. Henry of Yamhill County and an intimate friend of President Lincoln, was retained. To all of the employees this message was delivered: "Gentlemen, we are here to work in earnest, to carry into effect the promises made to these people. Whether the Government was right or wrong in supposing it possible or practicable to civilize them, no one will ever know until the proposition has had a fair and vigorous trial. If there is any one of you who is not willing to co-operate with me in this effort, and drop his other avocations to do so, let him make it known now, and surrender the place to which he has been appointed." All were willing to go forward in the new departure.

As the harvest was over, John S. White was granted leave of absence to go to Portland, on his private business. The place of blacksmith being vacant and there being urgent need of one to repair the tools and implements, a requisition was made upon Superintendent Rector, who sent Thomas Weston, a former employee at the Siletz Reservation.

Only one day passed until Mr. Flippin, the sutler, said to me: "You made a mistake in turning off Dr. Teal; the Indians are grumbling and likely you will have to recall him."

Mr. F. spoke the Walla Walla language fluently and was without influential among the red men, so I requested him to tell them that I did not turn Dr. Teal off; the Doctor turned himself off. Mr. F. suggested that such information would

sound better coming from headquarters, and deeming the hint pertinent I requested the interpreter to call a meeting of the Indians for next day in the afternoon. At the appointed time the council house was full, and they were asked to state their grievance. The chief of the Cayuses, Howlish Wampo, arose and in a very deliberate manner said that Dr. Teal had been their physician for years, that they had great confidence in him, and felt very much hurt when they heard that the new agent had discharged him. As his people were the ones chiefly interested, he thought they should have been consulted before making any change. It did not make much difference to them who was superintendent of farming, or carpenter, but it was a matter of grave concern who was to treat them when they were sick. He remarked with a grim smile that the Doctor appointed by me, while working in the field that summer, was not suspected of knowing anything of medicine, and he wanted to know how I would take it, if some one would turn off my family physician and send an unknown person to treat me when more than at any time in my life I wanted some one in whom I had confidence? Howlish Wampo ended his speech by saying it was the unanimous wish of his people that Dr. Teal should be recalled.

White people who have lost their favorite doctor will judge that the Indian chief had made out a very strong case, and such was my opinion. And lest the reader may think that I have been putting words into his mouth, I must say once for all that no claim is herein made of giving exact language; only the points as abstracted from the uneducated interpreter's rendering is it possible to give, and they of necessity must be in my own style.

As the meeting was called, not to ascertain the wishes of the Indians, but to explain matters to them, Howlish Wampo was taken at his word and no vote called for. His speech showed strongly that he was a reasonable being and I assumed they all were, and so addressed them. They were informed that Dr. Teal was solicited to stay, but required conditions that could not be complied with, unless I was willing to take his

wants as a guide by which to manage the agency. Mr. Pinto had been promised the school teacher's place and had been there a year waiting for the fulfillment, and certainly they would not have me violate the promises made to him by distinguished men at the seat of government. Doctors move from city to city and town to town and white folks get a change of doctors without making any fuss about it. They frequently change from choice, and there is no agreement among them as to which is the best doctor. It is likely fortunate that they do not agree, or they would all want the same doctor. No doubt doctors differ, although they learn from the same books. Some are better surgeons, others are preferred to treat women and children, and each is best for some one disease. As for Dr. Roland, I know nothing of his success in practice, but I do know that he is a better educated physician than Dr. Teal, who is what is called among the whites a home-made doctor.

The interpreter informed me that some of those present said that Dr. Teal had told them I had turned him off. To this I answered: "I have told you the truth, and Dr. Teal will not tell a different story in my presence." The meeting broke up with a changed feeling and no more was heard of their discontent.

The whole of the next week was spent in trying to obtain a knowledge of the present conditions, and with such a purpose in view one would naturally ask to be shown the record evidence of what had been done since the agency was established; the names and numbers of each of the tribes, where located, what assistance had been rendered by the Government and what response to civilizing efforts had been observed in the habits of life of these people; but strange as it may seem there was not a scratch of pen to reward an investigator. There was a printed copy of the treaty made with them, in voices of the annuity goods in store, a copy of the receipt given Mr. Barnhart for the property turned over to me, and a small list of articles from the annuities, issued by him to indigent Indians, but from these no comprehensive judgment could be formed as to what had been the method of treatment

of these wards of the Government or the measure of success. The records, if any, were at Washington, and too far away to be compared with the facts and things to which they relate. So I was compelled to depend upon personal inspection and the memory of employees, most of whom were new to the place or discretely reticent as to the past management.

One patent fact, observable by every one coming to the agency, was the scarcity of Indians. But very few of the three tribes were there, and no one could give any account of the others. They were away without leave. In fact, the reservation was not their abiding place. And when conditions on the reservation were thoroughly understood, no good reason presented itself why they should be there. There was no employment for them, either as hunters or farmers. It was no fit place for civilized or uncivilized men in the condition of poverty common to the Indians. Every one knows how a poor white agriculturist does when he takes up a quarter section of prairie land in the West. He goes to work for somebody who has something, and from his wages buys a team and with the earnings of himself and team procures little by little the tools and implements necessary for successful husbandry. But if there were no one near him with more capital than himself, he would be compelled to emigrate to a community where he could work and earn such things as were essential to start with in the unsettled country. The confederated tribes on the Umatilla were all alike incompetent, as respects tilling the soil. If they had been white men, educated to agricultural pursuits and inured to toil, they could not have succeeded without levying upon the wealth around them. He would have been indeed a very shifty white man who could have gone onto the reservation and sustained himself from the soil through means obtained from the resources of the Indians. Nearly every Indian family had two or three horses and a few were amply supplied, but this was about all their wealth, and they were ponies, hardy and fleet no doubt, but too small for the plow. Howlish Wampo had 800, some of them bred to fair size by crossing with American stock,

and Tin-tin-met-sah, another Cayuse headman, had 3,000 head of ponies.

It is easy to see how these men, by sales of horses, could have started farming operations full handed, but there was more money in horses than in anything they could raise on the farm. While they could sell a pony for forty to one hundred dollars, there was no inducement to raise wheat, especially as two days were required to make the trip to the Walla Walla mill. Even an Indian could see that. In spite of all discouragements a very few Indians had little fields of wheat, which they threshed with sticks and took to the mill aforesaid. Three of them had log houses, and a few of them had set out some apple trees. The two men who were most able to have good houses, barns, stack-yards, and the other accompaniments of permanent settlement, lived in wigwams or tents and partook of the white man's delicacies, raised flour biscuits with store butter, coffee, tea, sugar, etc., while sitting upon the ground after the fashion of their ancestors. People forget, when they sarcastically smile at sight of an Indian garden patch, how recently he was a nomad depending for his subsistence upon hunting and fishing; and if they would only stop and think how many mature white men, with families depending upon them, had been enticed away from home by the fascinations of the chase and become incorrigibly lost to the pursuits in which they had been bred, the smile would take an entirely different expression.

The sensible, humane men who negotiated the treaty were fully aware that those Indians could not in any way maintain themselves upon the Umatilla Reservation, ample as it was, and they, therefore, pledged the United States Government to subsidize them the first year, while with Government help and under its supervision houses should be built and farms opened so that they might live in the main by agriculture. The Government, as usual had been dilatory and as usual, too, the means given to its agents had been squandered or appropriated. The treaty specified that a flouring mill and saw mill should be erected at suitable points on the reservation; and

apparently with the purpose of erecting a flouring mill the first agent, a Mr. Abbott, purchased of a military officer the running gear of an overshot mill located below The Dalles, for an immoderate sum, reported to be forty thousand dollars. He transported the same, at extravagant cost, overland to the Umatilla River, and to a site as foolishly selected as the mill had been. Instead of hauling lumber from Walla Walla, as practical men of sense would have done, Government camps were established in the Blue Mountains, eight or ten miles away, and lumber manufactured by the abandoned process of whip-sawing, in this instance from pitchy pine logs. The result was plainly visible in the fall of 1862, and whatever amount was paid for the overshot, or expended for work in the mountains, was a total loss to the Government of every dollar thus invested. And this costly fraud was perpetrated before there was any wheat to be ground.

There were to be expended the first two years, sixty-six thousand dollars, not including the two mills, but any one looking over the premises and taking a bird's-eye view would ask, how? where? Two log houses, a half dozen log huts, an open shed for wagons and plows, about a hundred acres of loamy, river bottom fenced and in cultivation, a set of carpenter's and blacksmith's tools, and farming implements insufficient for an ordinary half section farm, would hardly satisfy his reasonable expectations. For the rest he must enquire at the Indian Department in Washington, where the most incredulous might be satisfied, if vouchers would satisfy him. For the objects declared in the treaty, the money was no doubt injudiciously, if not fraudulently expended, and there was scarcely a beginning to any rational and methodical system of bringing those people into the way of sustaining themselves.

With but few exceptions, the whites employed there had done the work, and the Indians, wrapped in their blankets, had been lazily looking on whenever they chanced to be present. For the most part, they were away, fishing along the Columbia, hunting in the Blue Mountains, digging camas in

Grande Ronde Valley, picking berries along the water courses, or hanging around the towns where they bartered their "ictas" for the white man's goods, or in case of a shortage of their legitimate earnings, engaged in predatory acts very annoying to their white neighbors. And this kind of life, at the time of which I write, and notwithstanding its uncertainties, was certainly romantic enough. Enlightened people with white skins will leave remunerative employment and the most sumptuous apartments where every needful thing is at hand, and with a very meager outfit endure toil and travel in a hot day to enjoy a picnic in shady groves and by cool, purling brooks, and yet they wonder at the Indian families, ponies, papooses, cats and dogs that from early spring to late in the fall enjoy travel and a refreshing camp every day. Or is it supposable that only those of the superior race receive any pleasure from the beauties of Nature? Likely none of the red race has sung in faultless numbers of the "pleasure in the pathless wood or the rapture on the lonely shore," but that he is fully as sensuous is shown by his language and the tenacity with which he clings to his birthright, of mountain and valley, grove and stream. Our pioneer history shows that it is no child's play to fight him out of them and coop him up on a reservation where, at best, he dwindles to extinction from confinement, which should be sufficient evidence as to the pleasurable and healthful excitements of his primitive state.

There are but two ways of keeping Indians upon a tract of country too small or ill fitted to furnish them a living by their ancestral modes; one is by force, and the other by enticement. At the Umatilla neither had been tried. Just enough of the latter had been done to bring them on a visit when other preferable sources of income were not in season. The salaried chiefs, three in number, and their families and dependents remained there most of the time, for they received more favors than could be given to others. This method of running an agency was quite aptly named by Mr. Montgomery "the subsidy plan."

There were also tribal jealousies, which to some extent pre-

vented a willingness among the weaker ones to engage in the work of making a home there. The Cayuses were more numerous and powerful and appropriated the greater part of the choice spots along the river.

To the reader who has got this far in these recollections it is hardly necessary to say that the system which had been followed I intended to reverse; hereafter the Indian must take hold of the plows and the whites will look on, instruct and interest him. With the white man improvement has been obtained by rationally directed effort; and as respects agriculture, to which he is addicted, it must not be supposed that success in it is a settled question. Indeed, it is quite the contrary, for there are very few successful farmers, and those who obtain the best results are the most skillful in the application of knowledge along with their labor. Hence, although there is constant reward for improved methods in the increase of crops, this is not deemed a sufficient stimulus to the exertion of brawn and brain, and societies offer premiums for excellence of product and the exhibition of skill in the performance of farming operations.

The present plow is a very perfect specimen of a long continued evolutionary process, and yet no greenhorn, though he may have seen plowing done all his life, can at first adjust a span of horses to it and do good work. And for his imperfection all due allowance would be made, for the reason, "he is not used to it." Now, the Indian is not used to farming, and looking on will not get him used to it. He must pass through the same ordeal that brought the white man to his present state, a discipline of faculties and powers, the accumulation of knowledge and social efficiency of a civilized trend and type. And those who deny to the Indian capability of improvement in this direction should reflect how sadly they would fail in practicing the arts in which he is an adept. The same reflective faculties, powers of observation and mechanical aptitudes exhibited by the savage in obtaining a living with bows and arrows and spears will perform all the industrial operations practiced by the civilized man.

Likely the true interpretation of the phrase so often repeated, "the Indian is an Indian and you cannot make anything else of him," lies not in his want of ability to become a farmer, but that he prefers hunting and fishing and wandering habits. I rather suspect this to be true of the Indian, for it is true of the white man, who is only civilized by compulsion and relapses to his first estate whenever the pressure is withdrawn. If he could make no easier or better living than by fishing, he would fish; and though plowing is one of the most agreeable of farming operations he prefers the gun to the plow. Running a harvester, mower or threshing machine; plowing, hoeing, drilling or harrowing is work, and to most people drudgery. Hunting, though accompanied by greater physical exhaustion, is sport, and the Indian is not alone in loving it. The probable truth is, that men of all colors do not love work for work's sake, but for what it will bring to them of the necessities, comforts, conveniences and luxuries of this state of existence. That man is a social being, is the supreme fact of human life, but society evolved in conformity to his controlling desires is impossible with no other provisions than the spontaneous production of the earth. In this part of the temperate zone not more than two to the square mile could so subsist, and even at the equator where food is comparatively abundant and clothing almost unnecessary, civilized and progressive society seems to be unattainable.

Looking over the bald pretense of civilization as I found it at the Umatilla, I was more than ever convinced that tuition was the first thing needed and that it should commence with the parents and grown-up children. And what better to be taught than the unavoidable truth, that under existing conditions they could no longer get a living by the methods of their ancestors: the earth could not afford it. Their edible roots, the camas and cons, had been in great degree destroyed by the hogs of white settlers, and the gold miners, roaming the mountains everywhere, had destroyed or frightened away the game. Evidently the time had come when civilization was

compulsory with them as it had been with the white man, and they should know and feel it.

A person coming newly into the office of Indian agent would need no other proof of the general rascality of agents than the governmental regulations to be observed by them in purchasing supplies. All sorts of lets and hindrances to dishonesty have been adopted, publications, contracts, certificates, vouchers, oaths before judicial officers; but they have been of slight avail in preventing frauds. As Judge M. P. Deady once remarked to me, "It is villainy made easy." The department regulations require an agent to advertise in a newspaper, inviting bids, and thus through competition to get goods at a reasonable rate, or in case it is not practicable to resort to such kind of publication, require him to obtain competitive bids by personal presentation. Adopting the latter mode as being best suited to the circumstances, I went among the merchants of Portland, soliciting them to mark the price at which they were willing to furnish the goods, and the first one I met was a well-known Jew by the name of Baum. And this is the way he received me. With a sarcastic grin he said: "Now, Davenport, no more of this d—d nonsense; go on and buy those goods where you intend to buy them, and don't waste any time in humbugging. All of us understand you agents, and this thing is getting old." Receiving about the same compliment from half a dozen others, I abandoned the regulation mode, which had become distasteful through fraud continually perpetrated, and bought such things as I wanted at market rates. Along with the certified contract, I enclosed newspaper clippings showing the state of the market in Portland at the time of making the purchase, and the Indian Department making no objection, I continued it to the end of the term.

As Judge Deady said, it is very easy to conform to the regulations of the department and at the same time practice barefaced frauds, and while the merchants know well how it is done, they cannot prevent it except by turning informers, which they have no time or inclination to do. If advertising

is had in the newspapers, only those bid who are in the deal, as it is useless for others to do so. The practice of combining against the Government for mutual profit is so common that all agents are regarded in the same unenviable light. I said to one of the older merchants: "It is easy to say that all the agents pilfer in this way, but what do you know about it?" His answer was: "I say all because all that I know about are guilty. The agent at Warm Springs, at the Grande Ronde, at the Umatilla, at the Siletz does so, and I presume that the rest of them do the same. Oh, there is nothing very strange about it."

On my return to the Umatilla, I found that Mr. White had progressed rapidly in taking the census, but upon going over the lists with him we very soon discovered that, with a few exceptions, neither of us could pronounce the names so that the Indians recognized them. At that late date such a result was very annoying, but there was only one remedy; to take it over again with a well defined alphabet. Having learned the phonetic alphabet in 1848, I could write and pronounce any name, however difficult, and with that solvent in my possession, the many-syllabled and otherwise unpronounceable Indian names flowed as easily from the pen as ancestral English, and the work of census taking became the most interesting part of my duty.

Mr. White was somewhat crestfallen at the outcome of his half month's labor but I consoled him with the assurance that the learned secretary of the commission that negotiated the treaty under which we were acting met with no better success. The Indians whose names they signed to the treaty were living, but no human being could find them by pronouncing the written names. The fault is with the alphabet, which is totally inadequate to the function required of it. Lexicographers cannot succeed with it until they have, by certain diacritical marks, made of it a phonetic alphabet, but it is clumsy and complex and wholly unfitted for every-day use. Hence we are all incompetent to accurately represent human speech, with our present alphabet, and though every educated

person knows the fact and that the fault is completely remedied by the phonetic alphabet which can be learned in an hour by a child ten years old, there is scarcely an effort by educators and philanthropists to bring about its adoption.

I had bought some large geographical maps for the school and during the time of taking the census I made the first use of them, in teaching an adult class composed of the principal men of the three tribes, who were invited to my house. A dozen or more lectures were given for the purpose of showing the condition of the country as respects its population since the discovery by Columbus, and how the Indian tribes once so numerous and powerful, one after another had ceased to exist, because of their tenacity in holding onto the habits of savages instead of heartily adopting the industrial knowledge and habits of the white race. Also the location of the powerful tribes upon the Atlantic coast and throughout the West, with an idea of their approximate numbers, and short accounts of their wars with the whites and the interminable wars with each other; the destruction of game upon which they depended for subsistence, and their subsequent removal to get out of the way of civilized man, whose advancing column was steadily and irresistibly westward. I emphasized the conclusion as to themselves: "There is no avoidance, you must become agriculturists and occupy the ground with your improvements or it will be taken away from you."

They were interested auditors and surrounded those maps day after day, engaged in earnest conversation. As a result they applied to me for allotments of land whereon they could work, each for himself. They were informed that permanent allotments I had no authority to make, but they could select small tracts, in severalty, fence them in and have all the proceeds of their labor.

Homely, the hereditary chief of the Walla Walla, by far the most influential one of his tribe, had been supplanted by Pierre, a chief of the white man's choosing, and had consequently absented himself from the reservation, taking the most of the tribe with him. Hearing that a new agent had arrived

at the agency, he and his people returned and now manifested much interest in the new departure. He at once set his adherents to work making rails from the balm trees growing along the Umatilla River, and before spring had enough to fence several acres of prairie land. He came frequently to talk and solicited my advice as to where he should begin his improvements. I suggested the springs at the foot of the Blue Mountains on the immigrant road as being a first-class situation in many respects, and chiefly for the reason that he would have a high price market for everything he could raise right at his door. He saw the point, and I surveyed a square ten-acre lot for him, including the springs, which would afford plenty of water for irrigation.

I may anticipate a little by saying that he fenced and cultivated a part of the lot, raising corn, peas, beans, roots, melons and squashes, etc., and that I ate melons of excellent quality with him on the 4th of July of the same year, 1863. At that time he was very much downcast in spirits, as Agent Barnhart returning to the agency, had issued an order dismissing him, and taking the location for a stage and trading station. Homely wanted me to intercede in his behalf, but I was powerless. He said it was too good for him—an Indian—and his face bore a dark expression not very difficult of interpretation. As a diversion I said to him, "Go and pick out another place and improve it; there is plenty of fine land within your reservation." Like the great majority of mankind, Homely's enlightenment came too late to make the most out of it.

Several other lots were surveyed, fenced and cultivation commenced, and only a lack of teams and wagons prevented a more general engagement in farming operations by the Indians. Another condition stood in the way of general advancement, and that was the subordination of the common herd to the sway of their chiefs. As a rule nothing new could be undertaken by them without the chief's consent, and that would depend altogether upon the effect he considered it might have upon his own personal interests. The influential

chiefs owned most of the horses, which were their sole exchangeable wealth, and they looked with an evil eye upon the scheme of cutting up the land, allotting it in severalty and thus destroying their pasture.

The social system of the American Indians may be regarded as a modified feudalism, in which the chiefs, coming to their office by dint of personal prowess, take the place of the hereditary landlord, while all others are mere retainers. So in speaking of an ordinary Indian he was distinguished as one of Howlish Wampo's men, or Tin-tin-metsah's, or Homely's, or Winam-snoot's, etc. Even as kind and sympathetic a man as Howlish Wampo became indignant that some of his men contemplated going to work independently. One of his men, ob-serving what an opening there was for them, said that Howlish was a lazy old Indian who did nothing for his people. The former was killed shortly afterward by the fall of a limb or stroke of a club.

Complaints had come to me by those Indians who took their wheat to the Walla Walla mill, that they did not get fair treatment in the exchange of wheat for flour. The grist mill affords many opportunities for a successful exhibition of greed, and no doubt on this account calling a miller a thief long ago passed into a habit among white men, when likely in a great majority of cases of disagreement between the miller and his customers there was no valid foundation for any harsh accusations. The best of wheat loses by cleaning and as no two grists are alike, the net results of exchange must differ. And where such exchanges were conducted by individuals of different races and by the use of different languages, imperfectly understood by each, there was plenty of room for honest disagreement.

Supposing, however, that there might be some discreditable foundation for the complaint of the Indians, I addressed a letter to Mr. Simms, the manager of the Walla Walla mills. His reply, written on the obverse side of my letter, was a lucid explanation of their rate of exchange and contained one sentence at the close which for piquancy is seldom excelled.

I had never met Mr. Simms, but after reading his letter I had a strong desire to make his acquaintance, as he evidently possessed an enquiring mind and a most admirable humor. He died without knowing how often and heartily I laughed over his rather severe strictures of the Indian agency system. The letter and answer are here appended:

Umatilla Agency, October 20, 1862.

Mr. Simms, or the acting miller at Walla Walla.

My Dear Sir: The Indians upon the reservation complain that you do not give them good flour for their wheat, and that you frequently pay them off in shorts or bran. Now, remember that I do not charge you with such transactions except upon the testimony of the red people above mentioned.

The man who is guilty of such things, does not only sin against the moral and statute laws, but is indirectly fleching from the pockets of the people, as the Government is obliged to support the victims in times of scarcity and need.

As agent at this reservation, I bespeak for your colored customers a fair turn out and honest deal.

Yours for the right,

T. W. DAVENPORT,
Special Indian Agent, Oregon.

T. W. Davenport, Esq.,

Special Indian Agent.

My Dear Sir: I beg leave to say that your complainants lie most treacherously when they say that they ever got shorts or bran from this mill in exchange for good wheat, or that they ever got it at all. And as to our not giving them good flour; we give them just such flour as they select themselves, which is generally middlings, in which they get round for pound, thereby getting forty cents per bushel more than we pay in cash for such wheat as they bring. Our price for red wheat is two dollars per bushel and our price for middlings is four cents per pound. Whenever the Indians prefer the best quality of flour they can have it by paying the price, but we cannot be expected to give them a pound of flour worth eight cents for a pound of wheat worth only three cents and a third per pound.

I admire the interest you manifest for the people under your charge and the horror you express for a departure from the strictest rules of justice and fairness in dealing with them, but it strikes me that a people who have been habitually swindled by wholesale since the foundation of the Government, ought to be slow to complain of the quality of their grist.

Respectfully yours,

I. A. SIMMS.

During my absence at Portland an event occurred which brought the little community of white people at the agency to the verge of consternation, and it happened in this wise:

Two renegade Indians of the Umatilla tribe who, with a dozen or so others, prowled along the Columbia River above and below the mouth of the Umatilla, chanced to cross the reservation on the Walla Walla road to the agency, and observing a returning miner asleep on the ground they envied him his comfortable condition and essayed the trick of slipping off the blankets without waking the sleeper. They removed one without disturbing him, and being full of something stronger than the swats that reamed in Tam O'Shanter's noddle, they bravely but indiscreetly pulled the next one, which brought the miner to his feet, when he grappled with and threw the nearest Indian and was about to cut his throat when the other fired a pistol, the ball passing through the fleshy part of the miner's rump.

The two Indians escaped without injury and made their way to the lodge of Howlish Wampo, on the bank of the Umatilla River, near the agency buildings. It was not later than 11 o'clock at night when they arrived, and after warming and resting awhile, they departed no one knew where, but presumably to their haunts on the Columbia. The miner, not finding himself seriously hurt, saddled his horses and traveled to Fort Walla Walla, some twenty-five miles distant, and laid his complaint before Colonel Steinberger, then in command of the fort. The Colonel acted without delay and sent a detachment of cavalry, under the command of Lieutenant Capps, to investigate the matter. He ascertained the facts as before related, and rightly judging that the miscreants were inflamed by whiskey obtained back at the crossing of Wild Horse Creek, the boundary of the reservation, where it was surreptitiously sold by the hotel keeper, he and my wife concocted a scheme to catch the reckless fellow.

A soldier was dressed and painted like an Indian, and he, with a veritable *Sivash*, went and bought and drank liquor at the place, from the proprietor. Although most of the troubles

which arise between the two races are result of "fire-water," and that in a great majority of cases the red man is the principal sufferer, he is seldom treacherous to the rascally white man who supplies it. Having obtained the testimony of the mock Indian, Lieutenant Capps, on his return to the fort, raided the premises of the white outlaw and destroyed everything pertaining to the traffic. The man himself soon after absconded.

When the Lieutenant first arrived at the agency he summoned the Indians in council to ascertain the whereabouts of the criminals. They were not at the agency, and no one except Howlish Wampo and his family had seen them. They came in the night and departed in the night, and although they were known to be of the rovers along the Columbia and that their names were Machkus and Chuhkliyah, there was not much evidence to connect them with the assault upon the sleeping miner who did not know one Indian from another then. As they were seen to enter Howlish Wampo's lodge and were not seen to leave, the Lieutenant concluded to hold that Indian chief responsible for the renegades, and thereupon took him in irons to the fort. The Indians and whites looked on in utter amazement at such an absurd and really dangerous proceeding.

Some of the Cayuses put on their war paint and feathers, and Mr. Flippin, the sutler, was fearful that a massacre was impending. My wife was the most discreet and courageous one of the number and instructed the interpreter to assure the Indians that no harm would come to Howlish Wampo and that as soon as I returned he would be released and every danger removed. For fear that some of the members of the chief's family might be excited to frenzy, the chiefs of the Walla Walla put a strong guard around her house and maintained it until my return. She also sent a messenger to the fort to ascertain what the Commandant had decided with reference to the Cayuse chief, and received word that he was sentenced to be hanged the Friday following; a most summary proceed-

ing, even if he had been proven guilty of shielding the perpetrators of the crime.

To hasten matters she sent the carriage to the Umatilla landing, and when the steamboat touched the wharf I was surprised to see Mr. L. D. Montgomery, the agency farmer, seated in the carriage and ready to convey me home. As I had been detained one day at The Dalles, he had been waiting as long and brought the only account of the happenings I have just described. There was no telegraphic connection between the Umatilla and down the river towns in those days, and I had been pursuing the even tenor of my way in blissful ignorance of the distressful things taking place at the agency. This was Wednesday, and in order to reach Walla Walla the next day, we must get home that night, which we did about 11 o'clock. The Indians had horsemen on the road and were, therefore apprised of my coming, and waiting at my house to hear what I had to say to them. I first enquired if they had learned anything new as to the Indians who committed the outrage, but they had not, and the circumstances were so vague and disconnected that no white man could be convicted upon such evidence. Howlish Wampo, however, had no knowledge that a crime had been committed. My advice was to go to their homes and not to be at all anxious, for there was really nothing in it. Early the next morning I set out alone for the fort, and though the wintry air was crisp enough to make one's ears tingle, the drive was exhilarating and pleasant. Just before sunset I stopped at the west gate of the fort and there beheld a scene which awakened in me sympathies I was scarcely conscious of having. I had often read of the incarceration of the victims of injustice, and how their friends and relatives had endured toil, privations, sickness and even death to rescue them, but reading is one thing, while witnessing such devotion is quite different.

The fort is situated on a treeless plain, the soil of which is an alkaline dust mixed with gravel and sparsely set with sage and greasewood. At this time a hoar frost made it especially uncomfortable for campers, even though well furnished with

tent and blankets; but here, in close proximity to the prison, an Indian pony was fastened by a hair rope to a sage bush, an Indian, with a blanket drawn around him, was crouching over a very meagre brush fire and no sign of bed, cooking utensil or food to sustain him through the long, cold and cheerless night. An Indian, better than a white man, knows how to pick out the best camping place a country affords, for in this he is experienced, and so I knew instantly that something very unusual and pressing fastened that Indian to such an undesirable spot. Approaching him to ascertain the cause, I perceived that it was a younger brother of Howlish Wampo. No further explanation was needed; the fires of affection kept him warm and furthermore sent a thrill through me that waked up a very decided resolution. He had been there as much as possible ever since his brother's capture, and I could not persuade him to come inside with me and seek more comfortable quarters.

After supper I was introduced to Colonel Steinberger by Captain George B. Currey, an old acquaintance, and the object of my visit stated in diplomatic language. He appointed 10 o'clock the next morning for a hearing. The same evening I visited Wampo in the prison and watched him closely to see what effect the incidents of the last few days had wrought upon him. If he had been an ordinary white man I should have expected to find him fidgety and denunciatory; to accord with the common opinion of Indian character, he should have been stern and stoical. In truth I found him neither. He got up from his seat and walked deliberately to meet me, his bronzed face wearing a pleasant smile, though somewhat mixed with care. He shook my hand slowly, uttering deliberately the monosyllable, tots, tots, a Walla Walla word for good, good, good, while the tears stood in his eyes. He was one of the few Indians that could not speak Chinook and I could not speak the Walla Walla tongue, so we had to communicate by signs and an occasional word of those languages we both knew. I pointed at him and asked, "Co-mi-such?"—his language for sick,—and he answered in the negative,

"Watoh." With the few Chinook words he understood I told him not to worry and bade him good night.

After talking with the Colonel the next morning, I must say that my astonishment was extreme at his declaration of intention to hang the chief on the ground that he should be held responsible for the acts of the buck Indians. But I remarked that the Indians who attacked the miner were not Cayuses. Howlish had no supervision of them; did not even know them except by name. All the time they were at his lodge he did not know that a crime had been committed. And even if there were not any doubts as to his complicity in shielding them, we should recollect that he had been the friend of the whites when his own people were at war with them, just after the Whitman massacre. No presentation of the case seemed to move the Colonel; Howlish Wampo must be hanged for the good of the service.

"Well, Colonel, our personal relations have been pleasant and I have one request to make, and that is, you will give me three days to get my wife and little daughter away from the reservation, as I shall not stay there a minute after the execution of Howlish Wampo. I should like to stay until spring but I cannot remain if my opinions and wishes are to be totally disregarded."

He started up from his chair and said rather excitedly: "How am I to go back on the report of my Lieutenant?"

"There is no need of humbling your Lieutenant. Is it not a fact that since he made his report much evidence has come to light, of which he could not know? In view of this, it would not be disrespectful to him to grant a rehearing of the case. I can send to the agency and bring such witnesses as you prefer and have an examination as soon as they arrive."

To this he assented, and said, "Choose such witnesses as are best qualified." The interpreter, Antoine Placide, Alex. McKay, both half breeds who spoke English fairly well, and some others were suggested. I wrote a letter to my wife, stating the arrangements and gave it to the brother of Howlish Wampo, who immediately mounted his horse to ride forty

miles in the night. I expected the witnesses would arrive at the fort the next evening, but they with several others and the ever dutiful brother were back before sunrise the next morning, the latter having ridden eighty miles in less than twelve hours.

The case was called about 10 o'clock, and the examination, conducted entirely by the Colonel, was concluded in less than half an hour. The innocence of the chief was clear beyond a doubt, and to make the decision complimentary, the Colonel formally handed him over to me. As he was much past the prime of life I suggested that he better stay until morning and ride back with me in the carriage, but he seemed anxious to put as much ground between himself and the prison as possible, and before 9 o'clock that night they were all back at the agency again, the brother having ridden 120 miles in less than twenty-four hours.

In the course of my nine months' stay there I had an excellent opportunity to study the man Howlish Wampo, and I am satisfied that he was considerably more than an ordinary specimen of his race. After his release he visited me often and spent much time at my house, conversing with me through the interpreter or, in the absence of the latter, he strove with the few words of English, Chinook and Walla Walla we both understood to communicate his most important thought. He was of medium stature, thick set, muscular, and when young no doubt very strong and enduring. He had an intellectual head and face, a penetrating but kindly eye, and a voice both deep and musical. Mr. Flippin, who spoke the Walla Walla language fluently, said that Howlish Wampo was the only Indian orator he ever knew. A United States military officer had given him a fine, blue broadcloth cloak, which he wore on all important occasions, and with all the dignity and grace of a Roman senator. He did not seem to be conscious of it either. The speech he made to the troops that came to protect Agent Barnhart was pronounced by Mr. Flippin the most impressive one to which he ever listened. The circumstances were promotive of deep feeling and as the murdered man was

a relative of Howlish Wampo, his rather lethargic nature was aroused into effective action. Mr. Flippin quoted passages from it, which seemed to confirm his high opinion.

The speaker arose with much solemnity and for a few moments silently surveyed the assemblage. Then, throwing back his cloak and raising his right hand deprecatingly, he began: "I see the soldiers have come among us." Pointing with his index finger at them, he asked with much emphasis, "What have you come for? Have you come to protect anybody? If you have, we need your protection. Have you come to punish anybody? If you have there is the man (pointing to Barnhart), there is blood upon his hands."

Mr. Flippin was in the habit of rehearsing the speech in the Walla Walla language and imitating the manner of the untaught orator. I obtained his translation of it into English and kept it for many years, but the wooden box in which I placed my records was not proof against the curiosity of children, who left them exposed to the mice and rats that soon destroyed them. The quotation above given is exact and I think myself competent to reproduce the whole speech with but little variation. It was so superb all through that my doubts were frequently expressed as to its genuineness, but the narrator was willing to swear to the veracity of his report.

A ride in an easy carriage drawn by a sprightly team of fine horses is rather inspiring at almost any time, but over such a country as greets the eye from Walla Walla to the agency buildings on the Umatilla River, and at this time of year, when the still air of December is tempered by an unclouded sun, one's feelings stop little short of ecstasy. Much of this delight was no doubt due to the vast and magnificently outlined scenery. On the left rose the colossal front of the Blue Mountains, rendered more grand and somber by the crown of evergreen forest which seemed, like fabled hosts of old, to frown down upon the unprotected valley. Away to the northwest stretched the undulating prairie to the Columbia River, and beyond, terminating the hazy distance, rose the dim and shadowy outline of the higher Cascade range, with its glitter-

ing snow peaks full in view. The beauty and grandeur of the scenery was some recompense for the tremendous decline in my previous high estimation of the military arm of the Republic.

To an American boy, when the army is mentioned, come memories of Bunker Hill, Lexington, Valley Forge, Yorktown and the sublime virtues of the revolutionary patriots. Nothing so solid or mean mars his patriotic fervor. To be sure, he may have read about some bickerings among aspiring under-officers in the Continental Army, but they were so overshadowed by Arnold's treachery, so lost to sight by reason of the general loyalty and the matchless career of the Father of His Country that he fails to consider such trifles as incident to human nature. At least, such had been my mental condition until my visit to the fort, when I became disagreeably conscious, in the short space of two days, that the selfish in human nature did not depart when American citizens joined the army. Intrigue and jealousy resulting from favoritism were very noticeable. At first I could not understand why an apparently intelligent man like Colonel Steinberger should propose so irrational a scheme as ordaining capital punishment upon a ward of the Government, against whom no felony had been charged, much less proved; for certainly it was no crime to allow two unknown persons to come into one's house and depart without hindrance. I was amazed at the determination and asked Captain Harding what he thought of the matter. His reply was so sententious and striking that I shall never forget it. "Oh! he wants to kill an Indian; he has never killed one." But I learned afterwards that the Colonel was not that kind of man. As the boys now say, "he was merely standing in" with his pet Lieutenant, whom he wished not to see humiliated by a bootless foray in search of the miscreants who robbed and shot the miner. I had small opportunity to study the Colonel, but had no thought that he was a vicious person; rather that he lacked a judicial mind. The officers under him, so far as I heard, said he had the rare faculty of keeping the spirit of the troops up to the military standard. As this was a favorite saying of his admirers and repeated by

those who could not be thus counted, I infer it is susceptible of a double interpretation.

He charged me, as we parted, to apprehend and deliver to him the Indians guilty of the crime. So, immediately upon my arrival home, the interpreter, with Alex McKay, a half breed, and some four full-blood Indians of the Umatilla and Walla Walla tribes were despatched on the hunt. Passing southwest to the Too-too-willa, where several families of Indians resided; thence to the Columbia, which they crossed, swimming their horses; thence up the river to an Indian village of "renegades," where they found them and set out for the agency, travelling that extensive circuit at the rate of sixty miles a day.

As I put the handcuffs upon them I felt a conviction that they would not be tried and proven guilty before execution, and such was really the case. They had no semblance of a trial; their guilt was presumed and that was sufficient, under the peculiar conditions then existing, to warrant an execution. They were taken to the fort, kept in confinement a month, when they escaped, were retaken, and after another month's confinement both were hanged. They made no confession, no denial. In fact they could not understand our language and no interpreter was provided for them, as any one knows. The case in a nutshell reads something like this. The miner was slightly wounded by a pistol bullet which if rightly aimed might have killed him. Whoever it was, intended to steal his blankets, but did not succeed. In the night time he could not be sure that his assailants were Indians; he thought so, and so reported to the military authorities at Walla Walla. Two Indians came from that direction and when first observed were fifteen miles from the scene of the disaster. That was all. A white man would not have been held upon such evidence, but they were Indians and not in good standing with the more aristocratic agency Indians. Besides, it was war times, when enlightened white men were shot by the thousand. Of course, Matchkus and Tehukliyah were as nothing while they sang

their death song upon the scaffold. I wonder if they have been taken account of, anywhere by anybody?

I left the Umatilla Agency at the end of the second quarter of the year 1863, and of course knew nothing personally of the trial and execution of the two Indians delivered to Colonel Steinberger in the winter. So I had to depend upon the recollections of soldiers stationed at the fort for what has been written concerning them. I talked with Lieutenant Seth R. Hammer, Captain John T. Apperson and several privates, but as their memories did not reach to particulars, I wrote a letter to Colonel Geo. B. Currey August the 25th, 1898, and received the following reply:

La Grande, October 1, 1898.

T. W. Davenport, Esq.,
Salem, Oregon.

Dear Sir: Responsive to yours of August 25, directed to me at Grants Pass and forwarded to me at this place, where it arrived this morning, I will say that you and Lieutenant Hammer are both right. As a matter of fact, there was a slight showing as to a trial; and as a matter of law and justice, there was no trial. Colonel Steinberger, by his order, created a commission to try the case and detailed Col. R. F. Maury, Capt. E. J. Harding and myself to constitute the commission. We met one morning and had a kind of trial. I first raised the point that we had no legal right to act under the order of Colonel Steinberger, for the reason that the civil law was operative in that section and the courts were open for all such purposes. But the other members overruled me. The prisoner made a statement which left an impression on my mind that he was so drunk he vaguely remembered what actually took place. I do not recollect that any other than the accusing witness was before the commission. I distinctly remember that I felt, the testimony showed, no high crime had been committed. The commission talked very little about the case, when Captain Harding spoke very graphically, "Damn the Indians, hang them." Colonel Maury acquiesced, the verdict was so rendered and recorded and the hanging took place. I felt then and so feel now, that the hanging was unlawful and unnecessary and that the pretended trial was the veriest sham. The day of the execution, I left the garrison, not being willing to witness what I then regarded a murder. I expected Colonel Steinberger would absent me for absence without leave, but he did not.

Very respectfully,

GEO. B. CURREY.

Not deeming his answer sufficiently explicit, I wrote again on the 4th of the month, to which he responded on the 7th as follows:

T. W. Davenport,

Salem, Oregon.

La Grande, Oregon, October 7, 1893.

Dear Friend: Responsive to yours of the 4th inst., I will say that my memory presents only fragments of the transaction about which you enquire. I can recall but one Indian, a light built, slim armed, bony fingered young fellow, whose name I do not recall.

Of the incident of his escape, or of the escape of any Indians from the guard, I have not the slightest recollection. Neither do I recall who acted as interpreter, but presume there was one. I recollect very clearly that the Indian made a talk, narrating "the scrap," and that I objected to his making any statement until informed that he was not required to incriminate himself. This was overruled and the quizzing went on. I made several ineffectual attempts to confine the examination to something like ordinary lines in courts, but the whole proceeding was farcical. It may seem strange that I remembered so little, but the fact is, I was trying to know just as little as possible of what took place in the garrison.

Steinberger was running things with a high hand, and the Oregon cavalry officers were afraid of him. He had already browbeaten Colonel Cornelius out of the service and he was after my scalp. The guard house was full of soldiers, sometimes of citizens and often of Indians. I made one effort to arrest the outrages but was reported for dismissal for insubordination. With the exception of Dr. Watkins, I had no man at the garrison to stand by me. I had to play a lone hand and in playing it I had to shut my eyes and shun knowing many things. I never went to the post, or regimental headquarters except on official business. Many of the officers seemed to shun my company for fear of compromising their standing with the ruling potentate. Thus isolated, I knew very little of what was going on outside of my own duties and did not want to know. Captain Apperson or Lieutenant Kapus will doubtless be able to assist you, as Kapus was Steinberger's Adjutant and Apperson had nothing to hinder him from knowing what was going on.

Very respectfully,

GEO. B. CURREY.

P. S.—And not pertinent to your enquiry, I will say that as a sequence of my controversy at Walla Walla, I had the pleasure of causing Colonel Steinberger's muster out of the service, summarily, and I relieved him of the command of Fort Walla Walla. Later on I relieved Colonel Maury of the command of the district and in a few days

became commander of the Department of the Columbia. I make this note that you may form some idea of the ordeal I was going through when the incident occurred about which you were desirous of knowing some minor details.

G. B. C.

Learning that the Hon. L. T. Barin, of Portland, was a soldier at the fort in that period, I consulted him personally and learned particularly as to the execution. He was Captain of the Guard that took the Indians to the scaffold and surrounded it until the drop fell. He said that while the smaller Indian was singing a low-toned, mournfully monotonous death song the taller one made a speech in which he denied committing any crime which would confine a white man, and demanded that he be set at liberty. We had a lengthy conversation, in which he said that the soldiers at the fort understood the case thoroughly and the unanimous expression was that the execution was unlawful, unnecessary and without any shadow of excuse.

Almost every day something occurred to show the predatory instincts of human beings and how the presence of an inferior order of civilization, like an Indian reservation, contributes to acts of outlawry. Bad white men and bad Indians, the lower specimens of both races, provoke a continual disturbance, and race prejudice, inflamed by the memory of past grievances, tends to bring on a general conflict. Such is the philosophy that explains the predisposing phases of our Indian wars.

Although the reservation system of managing the Indians has been quite generally condemned by the American people, I am of the opinion that for us it was a necessity. They claimed the land upon which they lived and roamed, and the claim was certainly good if possession gives any right. It was as good as ours, and hence, the only rational and just way to get peaceable possession was to treat with them for such lands as were needed for settlement and cultivation. Joint occupancy by peoples so different in language, religion, habits of life and social tendency could mean nothing less than continual warfare. The mistake of the Government was not in admitting the title of the Indian to the country occupied by them, but in

not doing enough in the line of civilizing agencies. With but few exceptions the agents of the Government were faithless as to the success of the project, even when they could spare the time from schemes for their own enrichment. They did not enter the work with any heart and acting upon the maxim that it is cheaper to feed than to fight Indians, of course, nothing could come of it. Suppose, on the other hand, that as many incentives to exertion had been given them as the white man enjoys; practical tuition, prizes for skill and excellence in agricultural methods, industrial fairs, etc.; who can doubt that the red man, too, would have become a successful agriculturist and stock raiser? But, cooped up on a tract of country not large enough to afford them a living by their ancestral modes, waiting upon the promises of the Government, which were often delayed and never entirely fulfilled, partly fed, partly clothed, and always in doubt as to the spirit and meaning of the whole business, what else could they be except vagabonds or social derelicts, judged in either the savage or civilized sense?

The boundary of the reservation, from the head of Wild Horse Creek, a straight line along the crest of the Blue Mountains to an uncertain place known as Lee's Encampment, was in continual dispute; also the northwestern boundary, a straight line from the mouth of McKay Creek to the mouth of Wild Horse Creek, was in doubt, for the reason that the latter creek had several mouths, and landless white men, choosing a mouth to suit themselves, were pushing their improvements over onto the Indian's ground, as he thought. All such encroachments festered in his flesh, for it was in the memory of every Indian that it was the white man's coming which reduced him to his present narrow quarters, and an every-day experience that the white man's stock pastured on his unfenced grounds. Complaints were made nearly every day and it was a very difficult matter to explain to them the inevitableness of such conditions, and thus allay their irritable feelings. In fact, it could not be done entirely, and human nature is prone to retaliation, or as the slang goes, "to get even."

A main traveled road passed through the reservation from the Unatilla landing on the Columbia River, over the Blue Mountains to the Grande Ronde Valley—the Old Immigrant Road. There was much travel upon it in the years when the Powder River and the former valley were being settled and the gold mines worked, and as there were no taverns on the road, people passing that way were compelled to camp and turn their teams upon the uncultivated grass lands of the reservation. This afforded an excellent opportunity for reckless Indians to secrete the animals and return them for a finder's reward. To what extent this game was practiced could not be known, for in most instances the Indians were ignorantly regarded as benefactors working for fair wages, and no complaint was therefore carried to the agent. Only one instance of the kind came to my knowledge during the nine months of my agency. Yellow Hawk, a headman of the Cayuse tribe, was privy to secreting a span of horses turned out to graze by a teamster travelling to the Grande Ronde Valley. As usual, after a few hours' unsuccessful search, a reward of \$5 was offered by the owner to the first Indian he met, a confederate waiting to be seen, and who galloped away, ostensibly to search for the missing animals, but really to get them from the thicket on the bank of the river wherein he had placed them. Two white men, riding that way, saw the horses tied within the copse and wondered as to the cause of it, until they saw the Indian leading them on the road, the way they were travelling. Soon meeting the owner, they apprized him of the facts, at which, very naturally, he became enraged and, as usual, threatened the whole Indian population. The Indian came up with the horses and demanded the reward before delivery. The angry man refused compliance, and all parties came before me for a decision. There was no proof that the Indian had driven the horses away from where the owner had turned them loose, but there was no doubt that he had concealed them to obtain a reward. Hence there was no difficulty or delay in restoring the animals free of cost to the owner. To placate his wrath and mete out some sort of re-

straining punishment upon the transgressors was more of an undertaking.

While it is the habit of white men to denounce Indians generally, and suffer the war spirit to rise upon every fresh occasion of an irritating nature, I have found from experience that only a few of them are implacable when they have the whole truth laid fairly before them. To judge the Indian according to his deserts, his grievances must be contemplated also, but white men, as the result of education and selfish impulse, are hardly ever in the mood for weighing them. Only a little while before the occurrence above narrated, some bad white men, returning from the "mines," had driven off forty horses belonging to the Cayuse Indians, on the road towards Lewiston. To retake them by force meant open war; to get them by legal process was slow, doubtful and expensive; so the Indians, without informing me, followed unobserved and recaptured their property during the night while the thieves were sleeping.

One of the most exasperating incidents occurred in November, 1862. A farmer Indian of the Walla Walla tribe, whose name I do not recall, went to the Walla Walla flouring mill with a wagon load of wheat to exchange for his winter supply of flour, and while his horses were feeding from his wagon a gambler issued from a nearby saloon, took one of the horses, and leading it into a livery stable instructed the keeper to "let no one have it without an order from me." And this outrage was perpetrated in broad daylight, before several white persons and in spite of the earnest protest of the angry but discreet owner, who, thus deprived of half his team, bestrode his remaining horse and returned to the agency. I reported the case to the United States District Attorney, a Mr. McGilvrey stationed at Walla Walla, who instructed me to bring two white witnesses and the Indian could obtain his horse. Both Mr. Flippin and Dr. Roland had positive knowledge as to the ownership of the horse, but neither was willing to become a witness against the gambler, so much at that time were people under the sway of the desperadoes of the gambling

dens of that young and growing city. The gambler laid no legal claim to the horse; he took him, he said, "because he had use for him and the d—d Indians had no right to horses anyway." The sutler bought much of his supplies at Walla Walla, and he asserted that rather than become a mark for the gamblers he would buy the Indian another horse, and it was done, Mr. Flippin contributing mostly towards the purchase. Such facts as these opened the eyes and soothed the feelings of the irate traveler who was in fact a considerate and conservative fellow citizen, but, like nearly all of American birth and education, fully of the opinion that there are no good Indians except dead Indians, and that in every case of conflict between the races the red man is the aggressor.

Another incident, occurring in the spring of 1863, was so remarkable in several points of view that I here relate it. Two merchants of Auburn, a brisk mining town in Baker County, stopped at the sutler's store on their way home from Portland, where they had been purchasing goods, when an Indian by the name of Yuck-a-lux, having observed the horsemen a quarter of a mile away, came running to the store and claimed one of the horses as his property. Notice of the claim was at once given to me by the interpreter, and I sent a request to the possessor of the horse to call at the agent's office for a conference. He came mounted to my door, and in the presence of the employees and several Indians heard what I had to say concerning the Indian's claim. He showed much irritation at being detained, as his business at home was urgent, and when informed that upon the reservation an Indian's testimony is as good as a white man's, he wanted to know if I intended to rob him of his horse on the word of a d—d Indian. "Oh, no! you shall not be dispossessed on the evidence of an Indian; probably forty can swear that the horse you are riding is the property of this red man Yuck-a-lux." With increasing anger he said: "I suppose all the Indians would like to get my horse and be willing to swear for it." I replied that the horse should not be taken from him until the proof was satisfactory, which allayed his feelings somewhat. He stated that

five days before he bought the horse at a livery stable in The Dalles, where he had seen him on his way down ten days previously, and he had no doubt as to the livery man's title. In answer to this I called the sutler to tell what he knew of the matter. After inspecting the horse carefully, Mr. Flippin said he had known the horse for more than two years, had ridden him several times, and until recently he had been in the possession of Yuck-a-lux. That some three or four weeks ago the latter came to the store and reported that his brown horse could not be found on the range where he was foaled and raised and probably he had been stolen. He knew that Yuck-a-lux had hunted for the horse several days since, a very idiotic proceeding if the horse had been sold with his knowledge and consent. Dr. Roland and the superintendent of farming testified similarly. The merchant made no objection to the proof but was far from being pleased.

After a moment's silence he said, "Ask the d—d Indian if he will let me have the horse to ride home."

I replied, "Here is the interpreter at your service, ask him yourself; and as a matter of policy let me suggest that you leave out the word 'd—d'." All eyes were turned upon Yuck-a-lux as the interpreter put the question, and after what had passed no one expected the request would be granted, and consequently listened for the discrete answer "way-toh," no. What he did answer was a complete surprise to all of us, and to the merchant a mild rebuke which he would never forget and never recall without being impressed with the personality of an Indian who was both humane and sagacious.

Yuck-a-lux, after a short pause, during which he seemed to be engaged in self communion, very deliberately answered, "No, but I will let him have another one."

Mr. Flippin was so much elated with the answer that he cried out, "Bully for Yuck-a-lux," a phrase used often thereafter as a morning salutation.

"How long will it take to bring the other horse?" asked the merchant.

"Half an hour," responded the Indian.

"Bring him," said the merchant.

It being noon, I invited the stranger to dine with me, and during the time regaled him with incidents and personal experience, since taking charge of the reservation, to all of which he listened with marked interest. Evidently his sympathy was enlisted in my work of trying to establish justice between the habitually hostile races of human beings, and in two weeks, the first opportunity, the borrowed horse was returned without injury. I have not seen or heard of the merchant since and regret that I have lost his name.

From the last two incidents we can readily see how easy it is to incite race conflicts and how difficult to preserve the peace between those who are taught from birth to undervalue and hate each other.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF AN INDIAN AGENT—II.

By T. W. DAVENPORT.

Note of Correction.—The expression, "Before going, Mr. Barnhart remarked to me," etc., etc., found at the opening of the second paragraph of page 7 of the first installment of this paper, should read, "Before going, he remarked to me," etc., etc., the pronoun referring to Matty Davenport.

Several times since commencing to write these recollections, I have hesitated in the work on account of the doubt in my own mind as to how they would be received by my fellow citizens who should chance to read them; whether the readers would not be inclined to dismiss my declared intention of giving an unvarnished account of agency matters, so far as I knew them, as quite out of the common order of human nature, and therefore improbable, and fall back upon the more natural assumption that my recollections were prompted by a desire to vaunt my virtue as an exceptionally honest Indian agent. But, as hereinbefore stated, my appointment was wholly unexpected and unsought, and the principal purpose I had in view, and which determined my acceptance of Mr. Rector's offer, was the curiosity to know the true inwardness of a business which had gained for its operators the bad reputation generally applied to them, of "blank voucher artists."

I think, however, a fair perusal of what is here written will show that I have not gone beyond the probable truth, or been actuated by any desire to write down anybody below what the facts warrant. Rather it has been my purpose to state the facts, as respects persons, and let the reader draw his own conclusions.

And there is one reflection due to this subject, as it has general application to distinctive employments, viz: the tendency to a growth of customs peculiar to each. And I must admit that as respects the customs attaching to the agency system, I was totally ignorant. I had never been upon an Indian reservation, had never seen a report of an Indian agent, or any of their papers—at most, some blank vouchers, and sub-vouchers; the abstracts and other papers necessary to the sufficient quarterly reports, I had to construct with or without suggestions from Mr. Levy, the cook, who had gained some knowledge of that method of keeping accounts, by copying reports of army officers, while acting as hospital steward. He had been a long time in the service, he said, and had served in a similar capacity on an Indian agency in one of the Territories. He was well up in the matter of agency customs, for which he was quite a stickler.

It will be recollected that about the only general instructions Superintendent Rector gave me, were couched in the sentence, "Manage the agency on the square, just as you do your own business," and in conformity with that rule I made the announcement to the employees, when taking charge of the business, to which they all assented.

At that time, Mr. John S. White, superintendent of farming, got leave of absence to go to Portland to attend to his private business, which took a month. So, in making up the papers for the last quarter of the year 1862, Mr. White's voucher called for only two months, and the sum of \$200. To this he objected, much to my surprise, and stated that such a deduction was contrary to custom. He was supported by Mr. Levy, who said it was "an unheard-of ruling." Of course, I could not controvert their testimony; in fact I had no desire to do so. But how can I construct the voucher so as to give Mr. White the full pay of \$300, without certifying to a falsehood? And to make this matter plain, requires a statement, such as the voucher must contain, to conform to the regulations of the Indian Department:

"The United States to John S. White, Dr., for three months service as superintendent of farming at the Umatilla Agency; last quarter of 1862, \$300.

"I hereby certify that the above account is correct and true, that the services have been rendered as stated, and that there is due therefor the sum of \$300.

"Signed, _____, Indian Agent."

This is the way the voucher must read in order that Mr. White could get \$300, but it compels me to sign an untrue statement, for Mr. White has not performed the service as stated. To this the two contestants for the inviolability of custom replied, "Suppose it does, who will know whether the service has been performed or not?" My answer came quick and warm, "I know, and what troubles me, is, that I am the one to verify a falsehood. You can rest assured that I shall not do it." Mr. White said he would appeal the case to the Superintendent, to which I gladly assented, as it relieved me of responsibility. He chose to present the case personally, and made a trip to Salem, taking sub-vouchers in my name to reimburse himself for expenses, all unauthorized and unallowed.

Mr. Rector gave him a letter instructing me to pay Mr. White the \$300, but as that did not relieve me of signing a false voucher, I refused to be governed by the instructions. I offered to make a voucher certifying that he had performed two months service, and that I paid him \$300 in obedience to the Superintendent, but this he would not consent to. I then proposed to execute a full voucher, if he would hire a man to perform the lacking service, to which he agreed, and I supposed the matter was adjusted satisfactorily. But I was in error. Thenceforth he viewed me as an enemy opposed to his interests, instead of a friend who could not be persuaded to sign a false certificate.

The regulations governing Indian agencies stipulated that neither the agents nor the employees should own any interest in the sutler's store. It was reported, however, that Mr. White was a silent partner of the sutler, Mr. Flippin, who was

a cousin. I made no inquiries concerning the matter, but passed the usual certificate to the employees for their signatures. Mr. White did not sign it and wanted to know if I considered him less a man of honor than myself, and expected him to sign a falsehood? I answered, "Tell Mr. White that I do not question his word or his honor; that if he signs the certificate I shall assume that he is not interested in the sutler's store, and if he refuses to sign it I shall assume the contrary, and obey the regulations of the Indian Department by appointing his successor." He signed.

Mr. White had been in the draying business in Portland for several years, and knew the merchants there, and their retail customers living throughout the State. Hence his acquaintance with that class of business men was quite extensive. To such of them as traveled through the reservation on their way to and from the city, Mr. White's house came to be a convenient stopping place for dinner, for which, at 75 cents a meal, he must have realized a fair remuneration. Besides, it was an accommodation to his friends and acquaintances, in this country of long distances between places of refreshment. At this time, Grande Ronde Valley and Powder River were fast settling up, and the gold mines at Auburn were attracting population, so of course, Mr. White's eating place became more and more to have the appearance of a regular tavern.

I suggested to Mr. White that he could not keep a public house on the reservation without permission from the Indian Department, to which he responded, that he could not have the heart to deny his hungry friends a meal, and he could not feed them gratis. "Yes, I see the difficulty, but the business is growing and must be stopped."

Down the river, some three miles, just off the reservation and where Pendleton now stands, a store and tavern had been located, and the keeper of the latter sent up to me a written protest against keeping a public eating house at the agency.

In terms, we were not doing so, for there was no public notice or solicitation for custom. In fact, we were, and I

caused notice to be posted on the ends of the departure from the main road, informing travelers that we could not feed them at the agency without violating the instructions of the Indian Department. This ended the business, and Mr. White resigned his position as superintendent of farming and departed for the Auburn mines, leaving his family at the agency. I regretted very much that our ways did not coincide, for Mr. White was a genial, kindly man, not at all lacking in intelligence, and therefore socially attractive, still, I could not, for a moment, think of cutting loose from all guides of safe conduct.

From such incidents, and there were others, I could see and feel how easy it is for even well-disposed persons to depart, little by little, from the true course and soon lose sight of the purpose originally had in view. And how much easier and more certain such a departure becomes when the guiding purpose is vague, or loosely held by the person essaying it. With such a torch-light of truth in hand, how ludicrous is the public expectation that Indians can be brought to take an interest in civilizing pursuits, by persons who never studied the problem of civilization or had any faith that the Indian is susceptible of being anything more than a barbarian. To such people, though commonly honest, working for self-interest is a natural and, I can believe, inevitable diversion.

If the Government expected or desired to succeed in civilizing the aborigines, then the first step was, to select for Indian agents only those who were experts in the civilizing process; not mere theorists to be sure, but practical men who had faith that every advance is the result of individual exertion of mind and body; that progress is not to be put on and off like a coat, but consists in doing, in adapting the whole man to his environment. But, judging from the failure of the agency system to promote the welfare of the Indians, and the too common corruption of the service, we must conclude that no rational tests were ever applied in selecting agents. As a matter of fact, we know that agents were never selected

by the application of any civil service or humanitarian rules, but appointed on account of partizan service, wholly at variance with the benevolent designs of the Government.

About 1870, the agency system had become so rotten that the Grant administration was persuaded to accept agents selected by the churches, but this did not appear to be any improvement. The churches did not apply the proper tests. Agents were selected on account of religion, or rather belief; a substitution of church service for political service. The real test was still partizan. But religious profession has small influence upon the civilizing process, as relates to Indians, which is mainly industrial; neither is it an assurance against the peculations of politicians. After the failure of the church experiment, the Government had recourse to the army, whose officers were assumed to be above sharp practices. But this move was met by the combined opposition of the politicians in Congress, as it curtailed their means for rewarding the personal service of friends. So the army, in this connection, is without praise or blame. Though my experience at the Umatilla was short, too short in fact to speak of it as conclusive evidence of the soundness of my views upon the Indian question, yet the responses to my experiments left me no room to doubt that Indians must travel the same road up to social and industrial competence, that all successful races have traveled before them. Indeed, I can conceive of no other process except that which tends to make the individual man an active, energetic and intellectual factor of industrialism. How to accomplish it is the problem. Setting an example, though good, is wholly insufficient, as the past experience has abundantly proven.

The Indian must be more than an eye witness. He must be the doer, and to make him so, he needs more stimulus than a man who has passed beyond the hunting, fishing and marauding stage of existence and its feverish excitements. He is not lacking in a game of baseball, and other physical contests involving his pride and faculties of emulation. And is there

any reason why the same kind of stimulus and encouragement employed to advance industrialism among the whites, should be entirely neglected upon an Indian reservation? Agricultural societies, with their bounties and premiums; clubs for discussing methods and results, and the consequent strife to attain excellence.

The Indian schools, such as Chenawa, are in the right direction, to the extent that they are selective and manual, but likely they will prove to have a baneful influence, in that the graduates will find themselves out of rank with their kind. An Indian agency would be free from this taint, and with a wide-awake agent, well informed, and anxious to verify his aspirations for improvement, would afford the best opportunity for successful experiment, to be found on this continent. Merely allotting lands to Indians and declaring them citizens, is to turn them out to the mercy of the white wolves of civilization. That, too, has been proved.

As has been stated, there was no appropriation of money by the Government to pay for the services of a clerical assistant to the agent at the Umatilla, an evidence which should have been conclusive that he was expected to perform such service himself without additional compensation. No house had been built especially designed for an office where such work could be performed free from the interruptions of other concerns and hence the agent had to keep his accounts, construct his papers and make out his quarterly reports to the heads of the department, within the one-roomed cabin where his family resided and performed all of the operations pertaining to his household. There was a large building which served as a meeting or council house to which the agent could repair to meet any considerable number of his wards, but for ordinary consultation with the chiefs or head-men of the tribes, hearing reports from the employees or interpreter, from sheer convenience, his house was constrained to permit that innovation too. And, on the whole, I think such relations, when conducted with respect to the sacred proprieties of private life,

contributed to mutual confidence, affection and respect, instead of degradation and, through familiarity, loss of dignity and esteem. Our experience was, that all persons so admitted became more kind and respectful as time passed on. The common Indians, one at a time, as we requested, knocked at the door, were invited to enter and be seated at the fireplace. One chair was reserved for such purpose and the sitter, after an hour of silent inspection, would pass out and another would enter and take his place. Day after day for weeks this was kept up without any question hinting at intrusion. Sometimes I or my wife would ask if we could do anything for them, and the invariable answer was, the Walla Walla word *wato*, or the Chinook *wake* (no.) Our little daughter, then five years old, having learned a few words of Chinook, would essay a conversation, which always produced a relaxation of countenance indicative of sympathy.

I had been busy for a month, making out the annuity lists, when the interpreter entered one day about noon and informed me that the council house was full of Indians who had sent him to request my attendance forthwith. I asked him what appeared to be the matter, as I had not heard of any dissatisfactions with my way of managing.

"Oh, you will know when you have heard what the Indians have to say."

"But, Antoine, tell me of their wants that I may have time to call my thoughts together."

"You will have time enough," he said, and I could observe from the pleased expression of his face that some surprise was in store for me.

Upon entering the house and looking around, I saw at once that this was no impromptu gathering; seats had been prepared and there, in perfect silence, sat as many as 200 Indians. Howlish Wampo, in his fine cloak, was in his usual place as master of ceremonies. He, too, looked pleased, and for the life of me I could not guess the purpose of this unexpected meeting. With rather suppressed gravity the chief arose and

seemed uncertain as to what he should say, but, passing along with some apparently meaningless exclamations, he told me that these people had been silent but watchful observers of what I had been doing since I came, and had formed an opinion of which they wished to tell me personally. He then took his seat and one at a time, to the number of twenty or more, stood up and gave the result of his observation.

They all had the same opinion, though expressed in different language. They had been watching me closely when I was not aware of it; they had seen me in my family, had looked into my heart and had drawn close to it and their hearts had told them that their agent is an honest and friendly man and would treat them as brothers. There was no dissenting voice, but I remarked that only a part of the large audience had expressed an opinion and I asked if any one there had a different opinion. Howlish Wampo answered, "No, all alike." I then said that such testimony was very gratifying to me and, being so unanimous, I might suspect that some white courtier had been working up public opinion to please me. Of course these people expect me to be as frank as they have been and speak my mind without fear or desire of giving offense. "Yes, yes," was answered. "Well, before I begin I desire to ask the interpreter and all the other employees if they had any hand in working up this meeting?" All answered in the negative. Old Mr. Henry, the carpenter, who had been there two years and was well acquainted with the Indians, said he knew something was afoot but he did not know what. I began by saying that my good friends here assembled might regret having done so if I should bore them with a long speech, telling them to be good and not watch me too closely. Howlish Wampo smiled and said, "Try us." It has always seemed to me unwise for a man to say, "I am honest." Any rogue can say as much and would probably do so. That is not the test of honesty. Honesty, like love, speaks out in service which does not lie. So, you will be able to form a correct judgment when I leave, whether what I have done shows me to be honest

or dishonest. Let me ask these people who have so much confidence in their eyes, if they have seen nothing in the last two or three weeks to cause a suspicion that some secret work was going on here, against their interests? Did they see those two nicely dressed gentlemen, one from Portland and the other from Walla Walla, hanging around here and soliciting private interviews with me, in fact, playing the agreeable? Some one answered in the affirmative. Do you know what they wanted? Antoine answered, "Yes, all of us know."

"How did you know it—I never told anybody?"

"I learned it from Mr. Flippin, and you know, Mr. Davenport, that I speak Indian," said Antoine.

"What did you learn from Mr. Flippin?"

"Why, that they offered to give you \$1,000 to exchange the annuity goods for the same amount in yards, etc., delivered at this place free of cost."

"These people knew of that and yet had no doubts as to my honesty?"

Antoine answered: "Why should they have, after hearing the compliment they paid you? They said to Flippin, 'Davenport is a tender-hearted d—d fool that does not know which side of his bread is buttered.'"

I remarked that those gentlemen had no good reason for denouncing me so roughly; for I never intimated once to them that their proposal was not straight business. When they made it I asked them for a full explanation of how they proposed to do, and they gave it without reserve, viz: that they would take a transcript of the invoices of the annuities in store and return the same number of blankets and shawls, yards of satinets, linseys, calicos, etc., so that the issue of annuities could go on just the same as though no substitution was made. They said, "Of course, the goods we will furnish are not so good, the blankets are not so heavy and the cloths are not so valuable or there would be nothing in the exchange." They pressed the matter, saying it was a plain business proposition that would profit me more than a year's salary and they would make something out of it too.

"Yes, I see; but there are some objections to it. In the first place, though the goods here are of the best quality, they will hardly suffice to keep the Indians, especially the women and children, comfortable during the cold weather, and if I should substitute five-pound blankets for eight-pound, light woollens for those more substantial, porous shawls for those close woven, there would be, undoubtedly, considerable suffering before spring." They replied that a blanket is a blanket, a shawl is a shawl, calico is calico and linsey is linsey to an Indian. "Perhaps," said I, "that an Indian is not an expert in the dry goods business, but would they not *feel* the difference very sensibly, and how could I help knowing that I had contributed to their discomfort? Look here," said I, "I will not consider the proposition a minute unless you will come and stay here where you can be a witness with me to the destitution and misery the change will bring."

Antoine broke out with a spluttering laugh and a question, "What did they say to your proposition?"

"Say! Why, they laughed a very different kind of laugh from yours, and said, 'We had not thought you so chicken hearted.' You are mistaken, said I, it is you who are chicken hearted and afraid to come here and face the music with me. We parted in a friendly manner, and they acted as though they felt cheap, to think they had been beguiled into a full explanation of a scheme which they could not deny would bring misery to human beings." After this explanation I thought proper to speak to them of the annuities which we would begin to issue within the next week, and I addressed my words to the chiefs of the three tribes, Howlish Wampo, Pierre, and Winam Snoot, "You and your people have expressed your confidence in my good intentions but you must remember that the means placed at my disposal are very limited. We shall issue all the goods to you, and as near equally as possible, but you will be disappointed. There are not enough coats and pants for the men and not enough shawls for the women. So, after consultation with you and the interpreter, the coats,

pants, shawls, etc., have been allotted to those who from age and feebleness most need them. All will get blankets, and the best ones that are made. Superintendent Rector must be credited with getting the best for you, and those purchased at Baltimore are equally good. There is another subject I wish to speak of, and as I have learned that Mr. Barnhart will be returned and I shall not be with you after the first of July, I desire to do so now. I desire to impress upon your minds the necessity of becoming farmers and, to a limited extent, stock raisers, and to assist you in that I shall purchase some sets of harness, have the plows kept in order and furnish you seed for planting. But for you to work willingly and earnestly you must be fully convinced that such a course is best for you, in fact, the only one left open for you to travel. You often regret that the whites ever came to this country and date the beginning of your troubles from the time of their coming, but if you will think back and try to get at the truth, you must see that your opportunities for a sure and good living are better than before. When Lewis and Clark came through this country some sixty years ago, when there were no whites to bother you and when there were ten times as many deer, elk, and smaller game, more fish, camas and coues, they found the Indian tribes of Eastern Oregon and Washington, yours among the number, hard pressed for a living, in fact, so nearly destitute that the explorers had to eat dogs. The truth of history is, that Indian tribes in general were put to severe trials every winter to supply themselves with food. And you should know the causes of such destitution. Though you spent more of your time on the banks of the river here, of necessity you were rovers. The game was in the mountains a dozen miles from here, the fishing grounds more than thirty miles in another direction, the camas a score of miles in another direction, the coues grounds miles away and berries scattered far and wide, and even if all such foods were in great abundance and never failed, the loss of time in traveling about to get near the sources of supply would have kept

you poor. But there was not always an abundance; sometimes there was a shortage in nature's productions. You could not depend, even then, upon getting a bear or deer when you needed it and were reduced nearly to starvation sometimes. With a house and barn and stock, a cow giving milk, some pigs in the pen, some chickens about the premises, potatoes in the cellar and wheat in the bin, you would not be subject to any such pinches, if there was not a deer in the mountains, a camas root in the swale or a fish in the river. Let me say to you that the troubles which you lay to the coming of the white man are not so many or so bad as those you had before the whites came. I cannot refer you to your history for proof of what I say, for you have no history, but tribal wars were common then, whereas now there is peace between the tribes and very seldom any trouble between the two races. And do you know that tribes of men who try to live upon the spontaneous productions of the earth, must be at war with each other a great part of the time, if they are ever so well disposed and peaceable, for they must be continually striving against each other for subsistence. They cannot increase much in numbers, for there is not game enough to feed them. Just think of it in a practical way. A short time ago one of your best hunters, Ta-cotus-eeno-wit, borrowed my fine rifle to go hunting in the Blue Mountains. He was gone a week and did not get a single deer or anything larger than a grouse. That week's work on an acre of the Umatilla bottom would produce enough to last his family a year. A great part of this reservation is the best land in the country and is capable of supporting ten thousand people. You number about a thousand and can live with the help you get from the Government, better than your white neighbors."

Owing to delay in forwarding blankets bought of the Willamette Woolen Mill Company in Salem, the issue of annuity goods to the three tribes did not take place until late in December, when fortunately the weather was quite mild for this climate. Most of the goods, which were of excellent quality,

were bought in Baltimore in 1860, at low prices shipped around the Horn, and had been lying in boxes and bales at the agency for a year or more. In 1862 they had more than trebled in value, an excellent increase, but a circumstance wholly unimportant to the Indian, whose privations could not be compensated by any advance in price of consumable goods. Why they had not been distributed at the proper time I never knew.

The census showed the numbers of each tribe in four classes, men, women, children under ten, and those over ten not married. Of the Walla Walla tribe, the only one of which I have record evidence before me, there were 91 men, 121 women, 67 children under 10, and 45 over ten, a total of 324. It may be interesting to know that these 324 Indians received 122½ pairs of blankets, 56 yards of saved list blue cloth, 73 cotton flag handkerchiefs, 78 large and small blanket wool shawls, 922 yards of calico, 90 yards of turkey red calico, 716 yards of blue drill, 327 yards of ticking, 161 yards of satinette, 494 yards checks, stripes and plaids, 301 yards of plaid linseys, 450 yards unbleached domestic, 153 yards of brown cotton duck, 59 twilled flannel shirts, 111 hickory shirts, 14 Canadian belts, 108 pairs of woolen socks, 3,017 skeins cotton thread, 277 skeins of linen thread, 277 gross agate and bone buttons, 3 yards of cotton stripe, 22 satinette coats, 23 pairs of satinette pants, 51 wool hats, 49 caps, 32 tin pans of 2 quarts, 36 tin pans of 4 quarts, 26 tin pans of 6 quarts, 16 pairs of women's shoes, 65 pairs men's kip brogans, 31 hatchets, 20 sickles, 21 yawk hoes, and 1,215 plugs of tobacco.

This has a pretty fair appearance, until we stop to compare what is furnished with the most pressing needs of the Indians. To the men, 91 in number, are given 59 flannel shirts, 22 coats, 23 pants, 51 wool hats, 49 caps, and 65 pairs of brogans. Consequently, only two-thirds of them could have a flannel shirt each, about one in four could have a coat or a pair of pants, a little over half would have shoes, and 122½ pair of blankets to 324 persons is a ridiculously small allowance. No

doubt, the good men who negotiated the treaty with these Indians meant well and intended to be exact and practical in stipulating that so many thousand dollars should be given to them in annuities, but they could not have hit upon a plan, if indeed they can be accused of having a plan, which would be more productive of discontent than the one adopted. That \$20,000 was to be given to the three tribes in annuities sounded big to the ignorant red people; and especially was it a moving inducement to sign the treaty, after being told that six mules would be required to pack the silver dollars to be expended for them in clothing, bedding, and other necessities.

Although proper explanation was made to them in advance, many times during the issue, the proceedings were arrested by the necessity of explaining why one man was not given a coat, pants, or shoes while others no better or more needy had them. As has been seen, there was not enough of each to go around and the deficiency was approximately supplied by giving to each man or woman the same value reckoned in dollars, viz: \$19.56; to each child under 10, about \$5; to each one over 10, about \$10. This was the best that could be done and was tolerated by them, though with some grumbling.

At such rates as the United States Government supplies its soldiers, the allotment as above stated would have supplied every man, woman and child with a good suit of clothes, and a pair of three-point blankets to each man and woman. Really, the worst part of the annuity business was the uncertainty as to what kinds of goods would be furnished, and at what time, if at all. The Indian, like the white man, is a provident animal and lays up supplies, in the temperate zone, for the winter, or for such time as spontaneous nature is barren of fruit. He knows when the stream will not yield him fish, when the soil does not furnish edible roots, when the bushes carry no berries, and the season of the year when game is not to be taken, and fills those vacancies from the bountiful periods which seldom fail, but lo! the poor agency Indian never knows what or when to expect from the promises of his guardian.

If demoralization of these wards had been designed by the Government, it is doubtful if the scheme to accomplish it would not have given better satisfaction to them than the past treatment by political Indian agents.

One episode was quite unexpected and rather amusing. Susan, a Walla Walla woman, wife of a half-breed, Alex McKay, sister-in-law of the interpreter, Antoine Placide, expressed dissatisfaction in earnest words to the interpreter, who jollied her for being a grumbler. At that time I knew nothing of her social relations in her tribe, but during my absence in Portland an acquaintance had been formed with my wife, who esteemed her highly. In every community there is always some one, and generally a woman, whose innate tendency impels her to assist those who are by nature or misfortune incompetent to care for themselves. This busy-body seems to act as though divinely commissioned to explore the recesses of society in search of misery and of those in want—widows and orphans, the lame, the halt, the blind—and bring their destitution to the eyes and ears of those who ought to help. Such a person was my wife in the community where she lived; such, too, was Susan McKay among the lowly red people of the reservation. Indeed, could humanity survive among any people wherein the divine spark of love is extinct?

After receiving her goods, Susan called to see my wife, who expressed much surprise at the smugness of her allotment, and said, "Why, Susan! You have given away more than that since I came, and you have a half dozen little waifs on your hands at present. Come and let us see what there is among the Indian goods any how." Presently my wife came through the room and after looking among the cloths took a bolt of calico and one of linsey and strode off. Silence reigned, as no one seemed to know what that meant. At length, Antoine broke it with a loud laugh, and in ejaculation of, "Mr. Davenport, those two women will break you up." "All right, Antoine, if that breaks us, we will try of the sutler." That evening the two women were busy at the sewing machine was humming, and the orphans were soon clothed.

Late in January of the year 1863 a very virulent type of measles was somehow introduced among the Indians of the Umatilla Reservation and carried off in the next three months a great part of the children under six years of age. The agency physician seemed to have no success in treating it, and laid his failure to the nursing or co-operative treatment which parents insisted upon in every case. The Indian's venerated custom of a hot steam bath, followed by a cold douche or plunge into the ice cold water of the river, was followed by a speedy collapse of the vital powers of the infant. Almost every day a funeral procession passed on its way to the burying ground upon the bluff, and though unattended by the outward signs of woe, common to enlightened people, the sight was inexpressibly sad. More doleful, in truth, than the hearse with its sable plumes and the slow-moving funeral procession indicative of civilization's grief, was the little squad of half-clad mourners bearing a-foot to the grave a rude pine box containing the body of one whose loss to them was as sore a trial, perhaps, as the Anglo-Saxon feels when death enters his household. To those accustomed to the comforts of highly progressive society, the destitution of barbaric tribes seems to deepen the mournful feeling occasioned by death, and I frequently queried whether the pangs of separation were as sharp and poignant to the Indian as to us. Answering from all outward appearances, I should say yes. They do not forget their places of interment, and they energetically refuse to leave the country where their loved ones are buried. I had been a witness to many scenes of mourning and had heard, as I supposed, all the agonizing tones of which the human voice is capable in times of grief, but the saddest and most heart-rending wail I ever heard came from an Indian woman kneeling by the side of her dead husband. It seemed as though every human aspiration and hope had been utterly extinguished.

What effect religion may have in ameliorating the pains of the bereaved, I know not, for, unlike his white brother, there

is no red man devoid of a belief in a future state of existence, and, consequently, no opportunity is afforded for truthful comparison. And differing, too, from believers in orthodoxy, the unconverted aborigine has no permanent hell, and pictures to himself a heaven wherein his chief delights on earth are to be more enjoyable and extended.

The Catholics had been more successful in proselyting among the three tribes than other denominations, and Father Mesplie, in his occasional visits, had quite large meetings. Howlish Wampo and his numerous relatives were members of Mesplie's church, and being wealthy, contributed much to the cause of his religion. Old Stickas was one of Dr. Whitman's converts, and of course a Presbyterian, of whom ex-Senator Nesmith said, "If there ever was an Indian who could be said to have a proper conception of the Christian religion, I think Stickas is the one."

At the time of my agency, Stickas was quite old, though not at all in a mental decline, and it was his custom to visit my house, seemingly with no other purpose than to talk upon his favorite subject, the duties of Christians and the joys of a future state. Dr. Whitman must have taught him through an interpreter, as Stickas could not speak English and but a few words of Chinook, which was understood by all the coast tribes and quite commonly spoken by the early white immigrants to the Northwest Coast. The Walla Walla dialect was the one used by the agency Indians, as all the three tribes were conversant with it: the Cayuse language, quite different from the other, having become a dead language to the younger members of the Cayuses.

Without undervaluing the efficacy of Dr. Whitman's teachings and example, I should say, from an outside inspection of Stickas, that nature did the principal part in Nesmith's unique aboriginal Christian. Evidently he was a pure-blood Indian, but a very rare specimen of his race; not, however, on account of extraordinary force or fervor, although he did not lack in physical proportions and when young was, no doubt,

noted for strength, activity and endurance; but in him the distinctively animal did not stand out so obtrusively as in the so-called typical Indian. Though not deficient in courage, he was no war chief. The kindly qualities of human nature were in the ascendant. No one could see his regular and well-formed features, his kind and intelligent eye, his tall and symmetrical figure, showing the deliberative gentleman in every movement, and hear his mild and persuasive voice, without being impressed with the possibilities, too generally doubted and denied to the red man. I first met him in August, 1851, when he piloted us on a new road across the Blue Mountains, and my father said then, "There is a good man without regard to color or accident of birth."

In March, our daughter, about six years old, was taken with measles and successfully treated according to the hydropathic system of practice. By the time she had recovered my wife was taken and passed safely through by the same method. In neither case was the agency doctor called, a circumstance which challenged the attention of all those who had children to be saved, and a deputation of Cayuses, headed by Howlish Wampo, came to ascertain our manner of treatment. During my wife's sickness, two Indian women, Susan McKay and Wash Mary, had assisted me in watching and nursing, and calling them to her aid, my wife went to the wigwam of Yellow Hawk and treated his twin boys successfully. After that, the two Indian women saved all of whom anything was known. Whether this lesson bore permanent fruit, I cannot say, and, if not, the Indians are not peculiarly inapt or unretentive, for white people allow such practical demonstrations to escape them. In this connection I might mention that when my wife left the agency in the latter part of April there was such a scene as I never witnessed under similar circumstances in any civilized community. Her so-called barbarian acquaintances of both sexes assembled to bid her good-bye and their expressions of sorrow by tears and lamentations affected her most deeply. Talk of Indians being stoical; such terms do not

apply. She was surrounded and held fast by men and women unwilling that she should leave.

In one night of the month of February, snow fell to the depth of eighteen inches in the Unatilla Valley, and was considerably deeper on the Blue Mountains, so that travel was prevented for a few days. One man, on his way to the Grande Ronde Valley, with several teams loaded with merchandise, was camped near the agency the night of the snowfall, and, being unable to proceed, applied to me for permission to store his goods in one of our buildings until travel could be resumed. Permission was freely granted and the large carpenter's shop designated for the purpose. Mr. Henry, the carpenter, superintending the business, reported that a part of the freight consisted of case liquors and was undecided whether it would be consistent with the regulations of the Indian Department to permit the storing of liquors in the agency building. The question being referred to me, I informed the owner and Mr. Henry that we were acting in a perfectly proper and humane way by affording a temporary refuge to an American citizen engaged in legitimate business; that he need not tell what his merchandise consisted of, and that so long as he kept his liquors in case no question would be asked and no objections raised. Before the end of two weeks he resumed his journey, and in an hour or two after his departure I learned through one of the employees that he had been daily treating them and others and that the cook had been pretty drunk several times. Feeling quite indignant over such an abuse of kindly confidence, I sent the blacksmith and two other employees, with instructions to overhaul the infidel and pour out his liquors upon the ground, and if he resisted to bring him back to the agency. The order was thoroughly executed, and without resistance. I regretted to take such a course, but word had gone out over the country that the agent allowed liquor-drinking at the agency, and something more tangible than a denial became necessary to refute the scandal. It is quite important for an agent to be truthful and consistent, if he

wishes to preserve his authority and influence without question.

During this same snow, John Meacham, brother of Anson B. Meacham, afterwards Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon, visited me for the purpose of ascertaining the boundary of the Unatilla Indian Reservation at Lee's Encampment, and especially if I would consider him a trespasser if he should put up a tavern on the west side of the little brook at the Encampment. My answer was, that the precise place of Lee's Encampment, a point in the reservation boundary, was in dispute without much prospect of being settled, but I could say that while I would avoid unnecessary conflicts with my fellow citizens, if his liquor business should give us trouble to such an extent as to make an exact location of boundary at that place desirable, and he should be found upon the reservation, no doubt I would pour out his liquors and confiscate his property thereon located. Presumably, this answer was not satisfactory to the Meacham Brothers, for next day Anson B. came and visited the greater part of the day, agreeing with me upon all topics of conversation, and especially was he emphatic in declaring himself as good a teetotaler as myself, but that a tavern for the accommodation of travelers must furnish everything guests called for. As to this, we did not disagree, for it was a question to be decided by himself. I could not help thinking, however, that his temperance ideas were not principles of sufficient weight to offset the profits of the trade. As respects locating upon the west side of the Encampment brook, I answered him as I had his brother, and rather than risk a decision of boundary, they bought the stand upon the east side, enlarged it to meet the public wants, and the Blue Mountain tavern, known as Meacham, had a wide and deserved popularity.

It has been said by so-called temperance fanatics, that liquor is always and everywhere an outlaw, and so far as my experience goes, the allegation is a mild and impersonal arraignment of people who engage in the liquor business. After

the erection of the Meacham tavern, there were three places on the boundary of the reservation where liquor was sold by the drink and by the bottle, and at every place, by some means and through the agency of white outlaws, Indians could obtain whiskey. The fellow who had a drinking house on the Walla Walla road, evidently located there to engage in outlawry and, as narrated in another place, did not escape detection and punishment. Swift on the west and Meacham on the east of the reservation, both on the main line of travel between the white settlements east and west, while intending to do a legitimate business, were often the innocent instruments of transient outlaws.

In pursuance of the purpose to change the practice followed by my predecessors, of raising grain and roots to feed the Indians, several sets of new harness were bought, the plow broken upon delivery was mended, the other four were put in running order, and everything in readiness for work, as soon as the spring opened sufficiently to permit of farming operations. The superintendent of farming and the farmer were instructed to become teachers and make it their everyday business to go around among the Indians and show them how to do things, and as our means were quite limited, to have the plows and harness returned to the implement house by the user as soon as his work was finished, or delivered to the first applicant holding an order from the superintendent. In this way no time was lost, and there were no idle tools. And the strangest part of the story is, that they were used every night, when there was moonlight, during the planting season. And this latter statement applies to others than those who had some experience in farming operations.

It will be recollected that the number of acres fenced and available for cultivation was insufficient for the wants of those desiring to cultivate, and hence there was an earnest contest to obtain a piece, even a small lot of the bottom land heretofore cultivated by the employees of the Government. Complaints were made that the Cayuses were unduly favored,

and at one time serious trouble was feared from that cause, but there was an evident explanation; there was not land enough to go round, and the Cayuses were the first applicants.

From my youth I was an early riser and fond of witnessing "the daily miracle of morning," and these interviews with nature were especially beneficial and delightful at the agency. A morning walk up the river bottom, breathing the sweet, cool air that came gently down from the mountains like a living breath, and viewing the shadows of night scurrying up the canyons away from the coming Eastern Flame, was an invigorating inspiration. In one of these walks I chanced to meet an Indian family just arrived from their camp on the Too-too-willa, five miles distant, to commence a day's plowing. And the sun had not risen! Let the scoffers think of this, and hold their peace. Being desirous of seeing such an Indian at work, I halted until he had gone two rounds of his four-acre lot. I observed that he had two good horses, a new set of agency harness, and ought to be able to do satisfactory work. But he was evidently new to the business, although he turned a good furrow. Instead of using the lines, his two wives led the horses; an arrangement which saved him some trouble in learning to guide the team, though rather trying to the squaw that walked on the plowed ground. I called a halt upon that kind of proceeding, and, taking the lines, drove around for him. Then, giving him the lines, I held the plow around. Adjusting a tie in the lines to fit my back, I plowed around alone, after which I requested him to take my place, and saw him plow several times around nearly as well as an experienced plowman, at which he seemed much pleased.

This incident I related, after breakfast, to the superintendent, who assumed that the Indian had gone back to his squaw lines. He went to see, but came back acknowledging that he had been a false prophet.

To encourage the Indians and prevent inferior methods, the employees were empowered to give rewards to those skillful and obedient to instructions.

It was generally understood, from official reports of industrial conditions pertaining to the Indians of the Umatilla Agency, that when they were doing under governmental supervision and sought assistance, was the first feeble efforts on their part to gain a living by tilling the ground; but I learned that the common impression was entirely erroneous. I recall that in August, 1851, those Indians bartered to the immigrants, emigrants, green peas, potatoes and other vegetables. I have no knowledge as to the time or means of their beginning such cultivation, but presume that Dr. Whitman, as early as 1840, began the work which was really interrupted by the Government when it located an agency on the Umatilla, more than twenty years later. Certain it is that the best and largest and most available part of the alluvial land was usurped by the agents, with the best intentions probably, but resulting in converting into lookers-on those who had been, for at least twenty years, cultivators of the soil.

On my return from the afore-mentioned walk, I visited a little patch of alluvial, maybe an acre in extent, completely enclosed by a natural hedge of willow, alder and balm, matted together with brambles and underbrush, growing in a narrow channel, formed by overflow of the Umatilla River. In this sequestered spot, some half-dozen old and cast-off women, called by the Indians, *low-see-ii*, had pitched their conical tents, constructed of poles and whatever they could get for a covering—pieces of rawhide with the hair on, fragments of tent cloth thrown away by some immigrants or soldiers, old blankets, shawls, or almost anything that would contribute to shelter their wrinkled skins and pinched bodies.

Let no one smile, either through pity or disdain, at such apparent want and evident isolation. Firewood in abundance was at their hand. In the dead branches of trees studded too closely to maintain their verdure in the irrigated trough wherein they grew, and which furnished pure water, as well as trout and salmon, that an opulent city-bred epicure might desire in vain. And that stoneless patch of black alluvial.

every foot of which was cultivated by hand, yielded them everything which the unperverted human appetite might desire. Vegetables, roots and fruits in profusion, and some for sale to yield them in moderation of the white man's delicacies for the table, flour, sugar, coffee, besides clothes to cover their nakedness.

Poor old squaws! Cast off when they were no longer able to perform the demanded drudgery or young enough to stimulate the waning, fleshly desires of their lords; need any one pay them? No, indeed; for I perceived that, so far as rational existence and happiness concerned them, they were in a most enviable position.

Independent, self-sustaining, mutually assisting, time for rest and recreation, what more could these faded flowers of an unprogressive race need? Surely, in all their lives, they had not been so free in body and mind as then, albeit the rapturous days of youth had long since departed. And while they were shrunken in body, their sympathies were expansive as in youth, and if Goethe's famous apothegm be adopted as truth, maybe their altruism had increased with their years, for along with them, and clinging to them like the ivy to the leafless oak, were four homeless girls from eight to twelve years of age, the veritable flotsam of barbarism, they had picked up and brought to their asylum.

And while upon this topic, it is well enough to remark concerning the habit of those Indians and other tribes, of "marshing" (ejecting) their wives when, from age or other cause, they cease to be profitable or attractive. Presumably this is analogous to the enlightened white man's divorce court, though rather more one-sided, as the "marshing" is by the male who has the muscle to support his orders.

Many Indians keep their aged and worn wives, but take younger ones to supplement the former's deficiencies. In many such instances the supplanted wives, from choice, become hangers-on to affectionate relatives or betake themselves to the society of the low-see-ii.

It is nothing new under the sun, whether in societies called civilized, enlightened or barbarous, that the principal victims of abnormal social conditions stoutly resist any project of reform.

At the South, the "poor whites," whose non-progressive condition could not be remedied while negro slavery remained, were the chief defense and support of the institution and resisted every attempted emancipation.

Among the North American Indians, custom made the Indian woman a veritable slave. She was the worker; the male was the drone. A great part of the service necessary to clothe and feed the family was performed by her. He might kill the game and catch the fish, but all, after that, was done by the woman. Preparing the skins for clothing, making the garments, cleaning, drying and storing the meat, picking the berries, digging the roots, moving the camp and erecting the lodges; gathering, breaking up or cutting and carrying the fuel, and much more, fell to the lot of the woman. Is it to be wondered at that she was old and worn in body, while young in years? Humane agents of the government frequently undertook the task of remedying such inequality, but generally with little success, for the reason that the squaws rejected any proffered assistance that would detract from the dignity of their husbands.

Fuel, consisting of fagots and the fallen limbs of trees, broken up by the squaws with stones or over their knees, was carried by them in large conical baskets, supported on their backs and held there by straps or thongs passing over their shoulders and across their foreheads, a service which was very trying and destructive to them.

This custom General Joel Palmer, when agent at the Siletz in the year 1872, tried to abolish, and it was really amusing to witness the indignation of the human beasts of burden, that the agent should compel their male relatives to use the department wagons and teams to haul wood like white men. One brave, to show General Palmer how his order was appreciated,

dressed up in war paint and feathers and accompanied his squaw to the woods, where she filled her basket with fagots, high above the brim, and hoisting it upon her back, passed the agent's house, her husband dancing around her and uttering war whoops to attract attention to this spectacular protest against an innovation degrading to aboriginal society. In company with General Palmer I was a witness to the scene, and so far as we could observe, the carrier of the burden was equally exultant with her far more powerful master. Such an incident broadened our vision as to the philosophy of conservatism in humanity, but it did not deter the agent from enforcing his edict by lectures, reprimands and rewards. He summoned all the Indians in council and with the help of the doctor explained the evil effects of such burden-bearing upon the health and happiness of the Indian woman, the principal victim, and how through her the welfare of the whole family was injured by sickness, impoverishment, and premature death. The most effective weapon, however, the agent could wield against the custom was in the shape of rewards—to the squaw, a new fire-red dress, to compensate for her wounded pride; to the buck, an extra allowance of annuity goods commensurate with his loss of dignity by hauling wood. If we want to succeed in reforming whites or Indians, selfishness must be pitted against selfishness.

At the Umatilla, agents found the same hindrances to improvement, and while the males might be brought to the plow and harrow, gardening was the work of the female, as it probably had been, notwithstanding the teachings and example of Dr. Whitman. The principal hindrance to agricultural pursuits by the American aborigines lay in their false notions of honor and consequence attaching to the male. He was, first of all, a warrior, a brave, a hunter of wild and dangerous animals; a differentiation perfectly natural and necessary in the militant state, for the male of all species is physically stronger, more combative and hence more courageous than the female. Such was the inevitable sex-caste among primitive peoples, and it lingers among the most advanced ones.

Woman's sphere! Man's sphere! How natural the sound! The uncivilized man thinks the female should do all things not in the heroic sphere, which service he disdains as beneath the dignity of a warrior. The civilized man thinks voting and holding office is outside of woman's sphere, because she is not, by natural aptitude, a warrior; and voting and holding office are antecedent concomitants of war.

Really, what is the difference, except in circumstances of application? The sentiment is the same, the caste of sex, which, in the case of the Indian, has been a destructive fatality. If he had not been too proud to stoop from the heroic, there was nothing in the way of his becoming an agriculturist and therefore civilized.

From the earliest accounts, we learn that the squaws were cultivators of vegetables and fruits. Away in advance of civilization, travelers found corn, melons, potatoes, etc., raised probably in imitation of the whites. But agriculture, to be successful as a dependence for a living, must be a vocation and cannot be confined to the female sex. What would become of it among the whites, if the male's sphere held him aloof from the drudgery of farming?

The first and most important thing to be done when the Federal Government commenced the agency business, was the eradication of the sex-caste, which of course could not have been done by compulsory methods, but by the stimulus of rewards.

Among the North American Indians the governmental authority for the punishment of offenses against persons or property, was exercised by the chiefs of the tribes; and if we are to credit the accounts of those in a position to know, criminal offenses were quite as rare in such rude societies as among more advanced peoples. But after the establishment of the agency system, which was, at best, an imperfect effort to change nomads to resident tillers of the soil, the morals of the Indians rapidly declined. And there were very good reasons for this retrogression. Philosophically speaking, and in the

aggregate, their environment had changed and they were not adapted to it. Although the Federal Government attempted no interference with the social and governmental habits of the tribes, of necessity the authority of the chiefs was weakened. The Indian agent was the dispenser of a government more powerful than chiefs whose subjects felt if they did not see a diversion or division of sovereignty. In fact, the agent and the chiefs must have co-operation based upon an undefined and undefinable understanding, which in the nature of things, created an observable departure from the old tribal order. The dullest "buck" could perceive that there had been a change, in which he had lost consideration and consequence with his chief, who had formerly relied upon the countenance of his people as a source of his authority. In many instances, and quite naturally, too, the agent sought to secure a peaceful administration by treating the chiefs "handsomely," thus establishing what Mr. L. D. Montgomery (before quoted) named the "subsidy plan" of running an Indian agency, which was fatal to any general improvement. It really separates the chief from his people by destroying the reciprocity of sentiment and feeling which must exist between ruler and people in all governments which are tolerable.

During my term at the Umatilla, the chiefs of the three tribes were powerless as rulers of their people. The subsidy plan had produced social disintegration and had substituted nothing as a menace to evil-doers among themselves. I had observed this soon after my arrival and talked with Howlish Wampo, Homely, and Stickas, of the propriety of having a governmental organization of all the Indians to promote their peace, but they felt their impotence even to assist.

At length, some time in March, 1863, a most atrocious murder was perpetrated at the camp of the Umatillas, by one of the young bloods of the Walla Walla tribe. He had been drinking at Swift's, a trading post located where Pendleton now stands, and passing with his comrade towards home, he committed a nameless assault upon a Umatilla woman, whose

brother came to her assistance. This timely and praiseworthy act so enraged the criminal that he plunged a knife into the bowels of the dutiful brother, who suffered excruciatingly until his death several days afterwards.

I visited him several times, in company with the post doctor, my wife, and old Stickas, and then sternly resolved to organize a system for the punishment of criminals. A day or two after the burial, I called a general meeting and stated to it the urgency of doing something to protect themselves from such outlaws. All of the chiefs and principal men were present and there was a general interchange of opinion expressive of the need of some kind of restraining government. The most noticeable feature of the meeting was the speech of Howlish Wampo, whose manner and delivery, to an eye witness, were quite impressive. Such occurrences affected him deeply and the interpreter said he made a grand speech. I could only judge of the substance after it had filtered through the brain of an uncultivated half-breed who spoke English imperfectly. It, however, showed that Howlish Wampo had been brooding vaguely over the change that had come to his people, by the advent of civilization. He engaged in retrospection and gave the conditions of the Indians before the whites came; that then crime among them was infrequent and when it did occur the chief, with the approbation of his people, promptly punished the offender.

"Now," and he surveyed the audience with a scornful face, "the chief has no authority; nobody cares for him; the young scapegraces do not fear that he will try to punish them. The red men are not of one mind; they have lost their heart." This last crime and all that he could recall were caused by the white man's whiskey. "It is the white man that has brought our troubles upon us. If he had stayed in his own country, there would be no whiskey to inflame the passions of our young men and the chiefs would have retained their power. Take away the white man and give us back our roots and fish and game, then we will be content."

That this speech was favorably received, was evident by merely inspecting the audience. I admired it myself from its ingenuity, but more from the free, fearless, but respectful manner of its delivery. It transported the older ones to the halcyon days of youth, and as I looked at aged Stickas, who was an attentive and apparently a burdened listener, I queried how he would reconcile the reactionist proposition of Howlish Wampo with the presence of Dr. Whitman, from whom he had received the Christian faith, to him more prized and priceless than the spontaneous abundance which fed their ancestors. The orator (for I must think of Howlish Wampo as an orator) had on his costly cloak, the gift of a military officer, and in my reply I included that, with many other things he had received from the whites.

"Howlish Wampo, I visited at your camp the other day and saw you eating nice biscuit, spread with butter and syrup, and drinking coffee with sugar and cream; you had plates, knives, forks and spoons; your family had axes to chop their wood, which was hauled on a wagon; your wife was wearing fine woven garments and you had on pants, coat, shirt and cloak, and none of these comfortable, convenient, and now necessary things would you have if it were not for the white man. Just think of it! Take away the things the white man brought you and see how you would be left. You would have to give up that cloak, your hat, coat, shirt, stockings, and put on skins. The fine military saddle and bridle the officer gave you, would have to go. There would be no more raised superfine flour biscuit and your wife and children would have to go to the camas grounds again. You could hunt with bows and arrows as of old and expect to get one deer for every section of land, but now, with the means the white man has provided, you can depend upon getting a hundred times as much meat on a section. Now, looking the subject all over, are you willing to give up all these good things and the practicability of many more from the same source, in order to be freed from the white man's whiskey? There is a proper use for whiskey,

when that too is an advantage coming from the white man. Your young men must not drink it, for that is an abuse. The white man's sharp, serviceable knife is good, but it is not properly used when you cut each other's throats. You cannot go backwards and you had better go forward. Better imitate the white man in the matter of law, and have police officers and courts, and when one of your number commits a crime or misdemeanor, have him arrested, tried and punished. That is a better way than to leave such things to the will or judgment of a chief."

Howlish Wampo made no additional remarks, but Stickas made an impressive speech, confirming my opinion, and offered to assist the agent in organizing a government.

The carousing, reckless class, composed mostly of young men, were very much opposed to any sort of government, and the murderer went so far in opposition as to assault Homely on his return from the meeting.

Mr. Barnhart, after fixing up his affairs in Washington, returned and resumed his agency at the beginning of the third quarter of 1863, so the intended government did not go into effect.

Among the many stipulations contained in the treaty with the three tribes at the Umatilla, was one promising a salary of \$500.00 a year to the head chief of each tribe. Likely, one reason for this promise was to secure the influence of the chief in making the treaty, and in controlling his people afterwards. Whatever the reason in the minds of the honorable men who negotiated the treaty on the part of the Government, the salary was a good introduction to the subsidy plan and its demoralization. When I paid Howlish Wampo's salary for the first quarter of 1863, I thought best to explain why the Government had agreed to pay it; that it was not intended as a bribe or corruption fund, but for a good and wholesome purpose in which his people might be beneficiaries; that as chief of the Cayuses he was expected to spend some time and perform active service in overseeing his people, keeping him-

self informed as to their condition and wants, and in studying how best to distribute and apply the means afforded by the Government, as well as to assist in preserving the peace. I tried to show him the importance of his position and that he could do more to make the reservation system a success than the agent. When the chief does all this, he will have richly earned his salary and every Cayuse will get his share of it. The money paid him was green-backs, and as he held the bills in his hands slowly looking them over, he was laughing and talking in low tones to the interpreter. "What pleases Howlish Wampo this morning?" I asked.

"Why, he says this is the only salary ever paid to him."

"What! does he say that in earnest?"

"Yes."

"Antoine, ask him for me this question: 'Did Agent Barnhart or Mr. Abbott ever pay you any part of your salary?'"

Howlish Wampo answered, "Way-toh." I understood it to mean no, and the interpreter said that Howlish Wampo answered in the negative.

Pierre, or Meanatete, the salaried chief of the Walla Wallas, was a pleasant, gabby, drinking, full-blood Indian, who had associated with the French traders enough to speak the language as it was used by the Canadians, but he had no following and influence with his tribe, which was controlled by Homely, of whom I have spoken upon former pages. Whether he or Winam Snoot, the Umatilla chief, had been paid any portion of their salaries, I never asked and never learned.

"How little people in general know of the Indian character," I often exclaimed after a nine months' service at the Umatilla. Previously, I was full of false notions concerning Indians, though I knew or rather judged that the common estimate was far from the truth. To speak of chastity as being more than an exception among Indian women would raise a laugh in any American community, and the persons holding to such an opinion would be considered very generous or very green; but I found, after a fair inquiry, that unchastity among

Indian women is the exception, as it is among the whites, and families that hung about the towns and made a hap-hazard living in contact with civilization. It is well known by critical inquirers into the causes of social deterioration of every grade that it varies with the intensity of the struggle for existence. The stress and tug of living was not so extreme among the Cayuses, and the Cayuse women were in the main above suspicion. Dineas's family of the Walla Walla were well-to-do farmers, having good log houses, orchards and fields, and the girls were chaste and orderly members of the Catholic denomination. As I have stated in preceding pages, not all the Indians, even with what assistance the Government rendered, could support themselves upon the reservation, and so from necessity, if not from choice, some of the Walla Wallas got their support in and about the town of that name, and a part of the Umatillas picked up a living along the Columbia River above and below the mouth of the Umatilla. It was among such remnants, always hard pressed for a living, that lascivious white men learned of the unchastity of squaws.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN INDIAN AGENT—III.

By T. W. DAVENPORT.

The teams used at the agency were oxen, several yokes of which were turned over to me by Agent Barnhart, as government property. These cattle lived upon the range all the year, and their habitual feeding ground, consisting of several sections of natural meadow, was upon the Too-too-willa, a small stream flowing from springs at the base of the Blue Mountains, some four miles from the agency buildings on the banks of the Umatilla River. Except for a short time in the winter season, when snow fell to the depth of several feet, which very rarely happened, forage for as many cattle as the agent desired to keep cost nothing. In the winter of '62-'63, although there was a foot of snow for nearly two weeks, our cattle kept in good order upon the rank growth of red-top and rushes along the Too-too-willa. This was also the favorite resort for stock belonging to white settlers living along the west bank of McKay Creek, which formed the western boundary of the reservation.

The number of government oxen was in excess of ordinary needs, since the abandonment of Agent Abbott's visionary scheme of constructing an overshot mill, and some of them had been expended for beef, but the number turned over to me by Mr. Barnhart were equal to all of our demands for team work. Some time in December, Mr. Montgomery, the farmer, reported that two settlers of McKay Creek protested against his using their oxen in Uncle Sam's business. He was asked if they were the same that were placed in his care by me, before they were let out of the corral at the time of the "turn-over." He answered in the affirmative and also that he put his mark upon the horns of every one for which I had receipted. He had no knowledge, however, as to the ownership of the cattle, as he had been at the agency only a few months. He was instructed to say to the neighbor claimants, that I

would hold the oxen as government property until they were proved away from me. Soon after getting my answer they appeared at the agency, to formally present their claim. And in answer to my resolution to hold the cattle, they replied that they were poor men and unable to stand a suit to defend their claim, and they were not disposed to take the cattle from the range while I laid claim to them, as that would be a sure way of getting into law. I appreciated their condition and told them to bring satisfactory proof of their ownership and I would surrender the cattle. To this they gladly assented, and said they would prove by my employees that the oxen did not belong to the government, and also prove their affirmative claim of ownership by their disinterested white neighbors. They did both abundantly.

Mr. John S. White, the superintendent of farming, was not present at the time the property came into my possession and could not say as to their identity. The interpreter was present and when asked if they were the same cattle turned over to me, answered, "Yes," but to the question, "Are they department cattle?" answered "No."

"Antoine, did you know at that time that they were not the property of the government?"

He answered, "Yes."

I then asked him why he stood by, knowing this fact, a silent accessory to the perpetration of such a fraud. His answer was no doubt premeditated. He was visibly agitated, when he responded:

"Mr. Davenport, I am an Indian, and Mr. Barnhart shoots Indians."

Even this abnegation of manhood did not save him from the bullet of an assassin, if circumstantial evidence is valuable in his case, for Antoine mysteriously disappeared from the agency, and Agent Barnhart conjectured that in attempting to walk the foot logs, while intoxicated, he had fallen into the Umatilla and been carried by the strong current into the Columbia. Several years afterwards I inquired of Antoine's sister as to his fate, and she told me that his body was found

at the cascades of the Columbia and that a well-defined bullet hole was observable in his head. No further inquiry was ever made as to the cause of his death. He was a half-breed Indian, and as a rule inquiry as to the cause of death in the whole- or half-breed Indian stops at the bullet hole.

From the foregoing facts, almost every person would infer that Agent Barnhart was the principal offender, but he may have been ignorant as to the identity of that kind of property carried upon his papers, as I was all the time. Such matters must be entrusted to the employees who have charge of them, the superintendent of farming and especially the farmer. The farmer under Agent Barnhart was his brother George, who was present when I accepted the cattle and vouched for the truthfulness of the agent's transaction and the validity of the government's claim. Evidently he knew what cattle belonged to the Indian Department and how many must be turned over to balance his brother's papers. For awhile I assumed that Mr. George Barnhart had made a mistake and that three head of government oxen were still upon the range, to discover which I instructed the farmer to inquire of the white settlers round about, and also to hunt for them himself.

Mr. Montgomery said that he could not obey such instructions, for the reason that he did not want to have people think me "green," neither did he relish the task of hunting for cattle which had no existence except on paper. While he had no personal knowledge of Barnhart's affairs, he said it seemed to be well understood by the employees and many of the Indians that I had been tricked into signing a receipt for three more oxen than belonged to the agency. So I concluded and let the matter drop. Agent Abbott purchased cattle for the use of the agency, in Wasco County, and lost several head on the road. Hearing that four of them bearing the Indian Department brand were still roaming upon the Umatilla Meadows, some twenty miles distant, I secured them and thus made good my loss.

OREGON SUPERINTENDENTS.

Of the several superintendents of Indian affairs for Oregon with whom I became acquainted and had some knowledge of their work, only two of them, Joel Palmer and Anson B. Meachem, claimed to have any faith in the Indian as a progressive being. The others, Nesmith, Geary, Rector and Huntington, were competent to superintend the machinery of the several agencies in their department, but without any intent, begotten either of Christian duty, scientific curiosity or altruistic feeling, of trying the effect of civilizing stimulus upon him. They were content to perform their official duties satisfactorily to the Washington authorities, to their own fellow citizens, and keep the Indians off the war path. Although at times unsuccessful in all these objects, they did fairly well and received no severe censure from the Oregon people. In truth, the Oregonians were alike deficient in faith as to the progressive nature of the Indian; at least, they were not inclined to waste time and money in trying experiments. Philosophers of a critical turn of mind might still adhere to the opinion that the Indian under proper tutorial conditions would respond as other races had done, but the ordinary observer might well be pardoned for skepticism in that respect. And looking at the humiliating results of missionary work in the Willamette Valley by devoted men and women who preceded the pioneers and with no other purpose than that of civilizing and Christianizing its aboriginal inhabitants, we should not wonder at the incredulity of the Oregon people as to the practicability of any further attempts in that direction. They were simply faithless as the result of experience and there are no patent reasons for being otherwise.

In the year 1851, nearly a score of years after the arrival of the first missionaries in the Willamette, which was the principal seat of their enterprise, only a few wandering, diseased and degenerate remnants were left of the once powerful tribes that reveled in that veritable Garden of Eden, containing at least 6,000 square miles. What there was in such an out-

come to inspire or retain confidence in the minds of the missionaries concerning religious forms and ceremonies, or even preaching, as an uplifting force to the Indian, I shall not try to conjecture, for, being an outsider, probably I do not place as high an estimate upon them as do the sectarians. Whatever they may think, or however they may try to console themselves that their labors were not in vain, though really impotent to ameliorate in any appreciable degree the Indians' social condition, the world's people will credit them with hastening the red brother towards the vanishing point. The belief is common that civilization is poison to the Indian, and Christianity is reckoned as part of civilization. Be that as it may, the subject is worthy of investigation by some one conversant with the missionary work in Oregon and Washington, to show how and why the observable results are so little in correspondence with the claim of the conservative influence of Christianity.

Likely, no more-devoted servant of his Master ever lived and labored than the Rev. Cushing Eells, who spent his long life in traveling on horseback, preaching and teaching among the Nez Percés and neighboring tribes of Indians in Eastern Washington, and while it is irrational to suppose that his ministrations could be other than beneficial to the lowly people with whom he labored, the question is often asked, "Does it pay?" "Are the visible results commensurate with the outlay?" "Enthusiastic Christians may answer in the affirmative and that the gathering of a few Indians into the fold of the faithful is sufficient reward. Others will say that the life service of such a man as Cushing Eells was worth more than that to the white race. Still, every one must decide for himself as to how his life shall be spent, whether in pursuit of knowledge or of wealth; whether in working to bring about adjustments in the environment to advance his own selfish satisfaction, or pursuing a broader and more liberal purpose of including with his own the general welfare; or still further away from selfishness and actuated by a sense of duty or altruistic impulse, seeking, like Livingston, Eells and others, to carry the gospel of the fatherhood of God and the brother-

hood of man to the benighted of other lands, it is entirely a personal matter, or else individuality and personal responsibility go for naught. Neither can the results be all included in a mathematical expression of dollars and cents, or that of church membership. That was a kindly act of the Good Samaritan going to the relief of the wayfarer who fell among thieves, though in truth a very trifling manifestation of benevolence when compared with the life service of philanthropists who endure toil, hunger, and innumerable bodily discomforts, in their efforts to rescue the victims of injustice, or the heathen from his thralldom of ignorance and sin. And yet that picture of the Samaritan, bending over the body of the prostrate traveler and pouring oil in his wounds, sheds a holy and undiminished light over the whole earth after the lapse of more than a thousand years. How jarring to human sensibilities would be the question, "Does it pay? Is there any money in it?"

I shall not hazard the assertion that the superintendents named as being contented with a perfunctory discharge of their official duties were unbelievers in the efficacy of moral precepts and good works, but it may not be amiss to say that they regarded them as wasted on the Indian. Western people as a rule had no faith in the governmental experiment as a civilizer, chiefly for the reason that the Indian is not wanted, and superintendents were not appointed for altruistic but for political reasons. Hence we should not expect to find those officers at variance with popular opinion, and when a departure did occur the incumbent's official tenure would be short.

General Joel Palmer was the first Superintendent of Indian Affairs for the Oregon Territory, with the title of Commissioner, and he was especially fitted for the work of gathering up the marauding bands scattered over that vast country, then fast settling up by the yearly emigration from the States. Palmer was not at all a doctrinaire or idealist, full of fanciful notions as to the perfectibility of any race, or that all the Indian needed to make him an equal with the white man was

justice. On the other hand, he was a plain, unpretentious, practical and honest man, strong in the conviction that all people show their best traits when well treated and that the world is big enough to give all a fair chance for improvement. He was strong in body, delighted in adventure, and the rough and ready work of an Indian superintendent in early times was well suited to his nature. Those who crossed the plains with him in the year 1845 and 1847 considered him an ideal leader, and the Indians whom he conducted to their reservations gave him the name of "Skookum-tum-tum," the Chinook word for "strong heart." The task he performed in bringing the tribes of Southern Oregon to the Siletz reservation was a very trying one. Only those who know the obstacles presented by the Coast Mountains in the rainy season, can truly estimate the undertaking at its true value. Wagons loaded with the Indians' effects and children too young to walk, were hauled by oxen over mountains never before passed by teams and so thickly covered with brush and fallen timber that every rod of the way had to be hewed out before a wagon could pass. But though numerous mountain streams in flood had to be forded or bridged and every bush gave a shower of rain after the clouds had ceased to pour, Palmer was in his element and the principal source of energy. He never met with failure except when he ran for Governor. Then came an opportunity for those of his fellow citizens who thought him too kind to the Indian, to register their disapproval. They were short-sighted and failed to see that the work he performed was for the general good and especially to protect white people from the forays of lurking savages.

Many of the citizens of the Willamette Valley, which continued at that time by far the larger portion of Oregon's white inhabitants, strenuously objected to establishing Indian reservations at the Siletz, Alsea and Grande Ronde, places almost in contact with their homes, but Palmer was unyielding, and time has abundantly vindicated the wisdom of his selections—that is, if the Indian is to be tolerated in his desire for a temporal existence at all. Palmer was never arrogant, and

while he was firm of purpose he was too kindly disposed to enjoy antagonizing his fellow citizens. Hence he was pleased to explain the reasons for his actions, and he generally had the best of the argument in support of his views. With the Willamette people it was more a matter of feeling than of reason; the tomahawk and scalping knife were before their eyes, and they would not be persuaded that their immunity from those terrible instruments of warfare was more effectually secured when the wielders of them should be taken from their native haunts and placed under the immediate supervision of those whom they would destroy. The tribes at the Siletz were inhabitants of Southern Oregon, a country abounding in topographical conditions most favorable for the Indians' style of warfare, and of ready escape when pursued—a country closely interspersed with rocky hills, canyons, crags, little valleys and almost inaccessible fastnesses where a few secretive foes might successfully resist and decimate the many, however brave and resourceful. Palmer contended that those bands of Indians, though few of numbers, must be moved away from such advantages into a region unknown to them, and where spontaneous nature did not provide so much for their subsistence. General Joseph Lane was of the same opinion, and in truth, sagacious people everywhere, as well as the white people of Southern Oregon, the principal sufferers, were unanimous in sustaining Palmer's decision to move them. It required a fight, in which he and General Lane participated, before they were willing to go.

The work of Palmer stands out in favorable contrast to the official doings of those who succeeded him, but his services, valuable as they were, did not save him from dismissal by the Federal authorities. Conspiring politicians, assisted by local clamor, no doubt effected it. A few jealous or fearful souls were heard to say that Palmer thought more of an Indian than he did of a white man. Probably he thought *oftener* of an Indian than of a white man, while engaged in solving the problems connected with the business in hand, but that an Indian stood nearer and dearer to him, as the quoted accusa-

tion implies, is an unjust because untruthful aspersion of the character of a man who was sagacious enough to see that justice to the Indian meant safety to the whites, and who believed that God made of one blood all the nations of the earth.

After Palmer's unsuccessful run for Governor in June, 1870, the nomination for which was imposed upon him by enthusiastic friends who wished thereby to emphasize their approval of the public services, which had stood the test of more than ten years' experience, he was appointed agent for the Siletz reservation. This was at the beginning of the new departure taken by the government under Grant's administration, of putting the Indian agencies under the immediate influence of the various religious denominations. The Siletz was awarded to the Methodists and the Umatilla to the Catholics. Though Joel Palmer was a Methodist and more of a practical Christian than any other Methodist I knew, he was not a preacher, exhorter, or loudly professing sectarian. Neither did he think that the way to civilization for the Indian was by a religious revival of the camp-meeting order, but through industrial changes that must, to be successful, become habits. A young preacher by the name of Howard had a place there and was directed by his church to bring religious influences to bear upon the unconverted and untaught wards of the government. Agent Palmer was not averse to the church methods of Howard and promoted them by his counsel and presence, when not otherwise engaged. This, however, did not satisfy the fervor of Howard, who insisted that the agent should enter more actively into the religious work, praying, singing, etc. To those who understand the exactions of religious devotees, it is needless to say that the charge of lukewarmness is a very serious one, and, if true, cannot be condoned by the possession of the silent virtues. So Agent Palmer, while above suspicion as to moral character and practical skill in the management of secular affairs, was reported by Evangelist Howard as lacking in religion and, therefore, not a fit man to prove the efficacy of Methodism, in competition with Catholicism, Presbyterianism, etc., in Christianizing

and civilizing the heathen. Of course it would not sound well for the agencies under the supervision of the Methodist church to show inferior results. Such an outcome must not be hazarded even if it required the dismissal of an otherwise faultless officer. Howard lost no opportunity of impressing this view upon his influential brethren, and it gave Palmer about all the trouble he had while he remained at the head of the Siletz agency. The government at an Indian agency is supposed to be lodged in the person of the agent, and while it is so nominally, as a matter of fact he is subject to many lets and hindrances of an extra-legal nature, for the reason that his appointees are recommended by officers of the general government, United States Senators, Representatives, and influential politicians to whom he owes his own office, and are therefore not of his own choosing. Under such conditions, the accepted employees do not regard their nominal head as the source of their advancement and are looking for still further favors from the power behind the throne, which under our political system is seldom harmonious. Any one can predict, from such antecedents, the existence and growth of jealousy and intrigue among agent's so-called appointees, from the beginning. Human beings love power and are in a continual struggle to gain or keep places which afford it, and even when the agent is under no restraint in the appointment of his assistants, courtiers are still to be found.

At the Siletz Agent Palmer had a mixed cabinet, viewed with reference to the sources of their appointment. While all were Republicans, part came from political considerations and part from religious or sectarian influences superadded. Whatever may be said of either, the combination was not a good one for the chief. The agent's son was superintendent of farming and quite competent to manage that department and protect his father's interests of a financial nature. Major Magone and Richard Duvall were liberals in religious matters and were there from personal and political reasons. Others were appointed from sectarian influence. I believe Howard was mustered as school teacher, but his most effective work

was visible in the turmoil he created by his persistent efforts to run the agency on a purely revival basis. The secularists or non-professionals above named and Mr. Baughman, who was a Methodist, attended to their business as doers and teachers of handicraft and gave the agent no trouble.

As a defense against Howard's assaults, Mr. Palmer explained to me that while he had been a conforming Methodist he had never been a shouter, was not gifted in prayer, and he did not see why he should be doubted because nature had denied him such gifts. I did not share his faith in the good intentions of Howard, whom I recognized as an unscrupulous meddler aspiring to the chief place, and I was bold enough to express my opinion publicly. I also advised the General to discharge him at once and ask the Methodists to send a man who would attend to his own affairs and be solicitous in some degree for the welfare of others. Joel Palmer at that time was well advanced on the down-hill side of life and was, therefore, more inclined to avoid conflicts which, in his prime, he would have faced with admirable resolution. So Howard remained to vex his administration. In truth, Palmer, besides being kind and lovable, was brave, determined and resourceful when the occasion demanded, and there were many such occasions in his eventful career. But brave men do not always bear petty annoyances with composure and Palmer was one of that sort. He could fight Indians if necessary but he had no taste or pluck to oppose an arrogant pseudo Christian. He could see no practical way out of the constant increasing sectarian jangle but to resign his office. I advised against such a course, on his account, and because I saw that the religious experiment, as it would be conducted, must prove injurious alike to the service and churches. I furthermore gave my opinion that the Methodist mutiny so disagreeable to him was confined mainly to the Siletz reservation and that Methodists as a body did not know but that all was peace in his dominions. A half dozen protesting letters solicited Howard could create quite a tempest in this small Siletz tangle, but what is that to the great Methodist denomination?

As a result of my advice, Palmer wished me to confer with some of the leading church members during my visit to Salem the next week, which I did and reported to him their answer confirmatory of my opinion. I met several of them by appointment at the residence of the Rev. J. L. Parrish, and while some of them had received letters from Howard, they had written nothing derogatory to Agent Palmer's well-known character, or expressing a want of confidence in his religious professions. It may be as well to state that Mr. Parrish had been an Indian agent in earlier times and knew something of the task Palmer had before him. He was also a shrewd man of long experience and knew that a mere profession of religion did not take all the selfishness out of human beings. At the close of the conference, Mr. Parrish, with the concurrence of all the participants, said, "Tell Agent Palmer to exercise his own good discretion and be agent. That is what he is put there for. We have not lost confidence in him as a business manager or as a Methodist." This reply was very soothing to the General's feelings, and Howard, hearing by letter from the same source, mended his ways in fear of dismissal.

I cannot pass these references to Palmer without expressing the opinion that of all the men having to do with Indian affairs in Oregon, he was best fitted by natural endowment and practical knowledge to make a success of the benevolent designs of the government to civilize the Indians. I had become acquainted with him the year of our arrival in the Willamette Valley, in the fall of 1851, and that acquaintance ripened into close companionship during the remainder of his life. In the summer of 1872 I had a contract of surveying a part of the Siletz reservation into twenty-acre tracts, preparatory to allotting them to the Indians there, and Palmer attended personally to the work nearly every day, wading with us the Siletz River whenever the occasion required. He saw before the subdivision was made that the lots should be the long way north and south, to give more of them a frontage on the river, and he so reported to the Indian Superintendent Meacham, who procured an order to that effect from Surveyor-General Odell,

thus changing the previous method of subdivision. The Siletz Indians, however, were at that time opposed to any system of allotment and secretly destroyed the land-marks of the survey, pulling up corner posts, cutting down or burning bearing trees and leveling mounds, so that a new survey was required and the allotment was not made until the Indians were favorably disposed, some twenty years afterwards. I was often amused during the survey to see Palmer, then an old man, roll up his trouser legs above the knees and wade to the depth of his waistband, and he seemed to be equally amused as the water rose above his calculations, an unexpected denouement which brought from him one of those hearty and contagious laughs mixed with a quotation from Burns, "The best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft agley."

Palmer was a very pleasant companion, whether in agreement or disagreement as to opinion, and I feel to write that he was truthful, honest, benevolent, resolute and sagacious, and these qualities so predominated and shone in his face that no further recommendations by words were necessary to gain and hold the confidence of those who came in contact with him. Indians are sharp-eyed observers and seldom miss a true estimate of character as shown by physiognomy and manner of expression. They are also adroit enough to keep their real opinions to themselves, concerning the powers that be, but after such reason for silence is past, we can learn who stood highest in their estimation and upon whose promises they mostly relied. They were Governor Isaac I. Stevens and Joel Palmer. Those good men no doubt thought that it is cheaper to feed than to fight Indians, but such an opinion did not interfere with the humane desire to afford them a fair opportunity to come up in the scale of civilization. They did not look upon the agency system as a ruse to defraud the government and cheat the Indian out of this, his only chance of holding an earthly heritage for his race.

Eastern philanthropists were of the opinion that Superintendent A. B. Meacham was the sole representative of applied

Christianity in the treatment of the West Coast Indians, an opinion not shared by the white Christians of that region, who were, on that account, held to be but slightly advanced in the Christian scale. What Mr. Meacham ever did to earn his Eastern reputation, I have not heard. He was given to egotistical display and florid if not fanciful speech, but in works he was not ahead of others who made no pretensions to excellence in ideas or practice. I attended several of his meetings, at which he had gathered a goodly company of Indians, mainly of the chiefs and headmen of the tribes in his district, but his purpose in holding such meetings was neither declared nor obvious. He did not propose anything new; he did not exhort to a more thorough and faithful performance of the work expected to be performed by the agents, and the red brothers on exhibition had long before learned the utter folly of resistance to the white millions then reaching from sea to sea. The people of Oregon saw no rational object in Mr. Meacham's movements or speeches and consequently they did not credit him with being a reformer. They did not think he was a misguided and honest enthusiast.

I presume that Oregonians generally and people in the East, who were interested in the Indian problem, read in his "Wigwam and Warpath" how he refused the surgeon's prescription of brandy stimulus to revive him in his wounded condition, for the reason that he was opposed to the use of alcoholic liquors; that it was against his principles. His Eastern admirers, however, did not know that at that time and long before, at his Blue Mountain tavern, liquors were on sale to all comers. People unacquainted with such facts judged the Oregon people severely for their want of faith in Mr. Meacham, but really they were not to blame for there was nothing in his official career as Superintendent of Indian Affairs to warrant a different opinion.

INDIAN LANGUAGES.

Common people, even of the enlightened type, seldom feel the full significance of the language they employ to express

their feelings, thoughts and desires. They are so much in the habit of speech from infancy up that they are unconscious of its life and growth, and how sadly deficient they would be as social beings if it were not for that medium of communication. Although I had spent much time in and out of school, striving to become proficient in the use of my mother tongue, and had delved somewhat into the written language of the Latins, I never really waked up to the great sphere which language occupies in human life, until I got to the West Coast and frequently found myself among human beings with whom I could hold no converse except by inarticulate grunts or visible signs. It is the lack of an absolutely essential thing which enables one to measure its value.

Shortly after arriving in the Willamette Valley, I was traveling in a part sparsely settled by white people, and meeting a company of mounted Indians, desired to inquire the way to the point I wished to reach. As it was near night-fall and I had neither food, blankets, nor matches to light a fire, I felt quite anxious to know something of distances and direction in this new country, without guide boards and plainly traveled roads. I was ignorant of their language and they knew not mine. Fortunately they knew the names of the most noted white settlers among the older residents and when I mentioned one, they pointed in the direction and tracing by gesture the course of the sun from the meridian to the horizon gave me to understand that for a footman, as I was, it was a half day's travel. For the first time in my life I began to comprehend the value of articulate language. One Indian uttered along with his pantomime, the words, "wake shiah, clatawa sificum sun," the Chinook, as I afterwards learned, for "not far, half day's travel."

This circumstance convinced me of the necessity of acquiring a use of the Chinook language, so that I could have the benefit of the knowledge gained by the natives to the soil. It was not, however, a difficult task to become acquainted with enough of it to meet practical demands, and there were numerous occasions when it was especially serviceable. I was

lost once in the Cascade Mountains and so befuddled among its mists and clouds, which completely shut out the sun, that I could not determine which end of the Barlow road to take when I came to it. An Indian happened along soon after, and I, being a "Chinooker" as the early Oregonians termed those who had learned to speak the Indian, was soon traveling towards the valley. And to show what acute observers those unschooled children are, I must narrate the colloquy just as it occurred. Looking at me rather fixedly he saw at once, I suppose by the staring expression of my eyes, that I had been suffering from extreme mental anxiety, and ejaculated, "Micah hias quash" (You are very fearful); "Micah wake eumtux kah micah illahee (you know not which way is home.) Of course I could not hide from those reading eyes my true condition and "owned the corn" by saying "nowitka" (yes.) He gave me a smile that I was at a loss to interpret, and to this day I do not know whether it was expressive of sympathy with my suffering condition or of languid contempt for a white man, that with his superior attainments should be so barren of brain as to become a crazy wanderer in the woods where every tree and stone should furnish him a clue to his destination. Looking around he asked, "Cuppit icht micah?" (are you alone), to which I answered "Nowitka" (yes.) Pointing to the way he had come he told me that in about one hour's walk I would find a covered wagon and white family camped, with plenty of venison; inspiring news to me as I had not tasted food in twenty-four hours. Clapping his moccasined heels against his pony's sides he started off, saying in English, "Good-bye, Boston man," and added in Indian, "Cloe naniteh oo-ee-hut" (Look sharp for the road.)

There are only a few hundred words of Chinook, but after one has experienced inability to communicate by speech with human beings, he will prize highly even as poor and rudimentary language as the Chinook, which was the language of the tribe of that name that inhabited the lower Columbia Valley, and at the time of the Lewis and Clark expedition, in the years 1804 and 1805, was the most numerous and pow-

erful of the Coast tribes. From the position near the mouth of the great river, they were in early communication with sea-faring men engaged in fur trade, and thus became the commercial middle men, and their language the common medium for the tribes of the interior, living on the upper Columbia and its tributaries, a vast country extending clear to the Rocky Mountains and equal in area to the original thirteen States. In the absence of special knowledge upon the subject, we may infer that Indian languages do not differ much as to copiousness, and that the Chinook people were fully up with other tribes in that respect. Commercial intercourse did for them what it does for all people, increased their knowledge and added to their stock of words. They came in contact with civilized men, saw and purchased many things which they did not make and for which, consequently, they had no names, and it was but natural that they should adopt the names in use among the vendors. Later, when the Hudson Bay Company occupied the country with its trading posts, their language was still further enriched by the addition of names mainly of French derivation, contributed by the mountain men and trappers who were mostly French Canadians.

When I arrived in the Oregon Territory in the year 1851, the Chinooks had become extinct, but their language was the vocal medium of communication between the whites and Indians in the whole of Oregon, a survival not at all singular when we reflect as to the manner and need of its acquirement by the various tribes, and that its acquisition by the whites made it a common language for them all. The early Oregon immigrants spoke it, and some of them quite fluently. Some of its terms were so expressive and euphonious that they have been adopted as good enough to be considered English, though not included as yet in our dictionaries. Any one acquainted with the work of translating languages would know at once that the place of interpreter at an Indian agency is very important, and one quite difficult to fill, so much depends upon a correct understanding between the two warring races thus

brought together in governmental relations. If the interpreter be ever so faithful in his designs to carry the meaning of one language over into another, he is essaying a very difficult task and one which is seldom successful. Look at the translations of Homer's Iliad into English by learned men skilled and critical in the use of their own language and the Greek, and observe how much they differ. And if such be the result in dealing with two highly complex languages, susceptible of expressing the nicest shades of thought, what would it be in operating with two, one of which is complex and the other merely a skeleton. It does not require a learned man to forecast the outcome, and yet how many persons of a collegiate education, entrusted with the duty of treating with Indians, have thoughtlessly prepared an elaborate speech with which to electrify their primitive auditors.

Governor Saloman of Washington Territory was one of them, and he did not wake up to the absurdity of such an attempt until he tried it and failed. Several of the Puget Sound tribes were brought together in council, and along with them many white residents of the Territory and some from Oregon, all of them speakers of Chinook. The Governor arose and surveyed his audience with all the gravity of a United States Senator. Stretching out his right hand in the direction of the copper-colored part of his hearers he began, "Children of the forest,"—the interpreter immediately followed with his translation into Indian (the Chinook), "Tenas tillicums copa stiek." The anti-climax was so stunning to the whites that they broke into uproarious laughter that shook the woods. The Governor was amazed and indignant at such treatment coming so rudely at the very inception of his inspiration, and it was some time before he could go on with his address, which was commonplace in comparison with the one he had prepared. The Indians were as much nonplussed as the Governor, for they could not see the propriety of addressing them as *small people in the woods*, and for that reason they regarded the laugh as being at their expense. And what was a little queer, but not new, the Governor was not fully

informed as to the cause of the boisterous merriment until an after-hint from his friends and an after-thought by himself. Of course he saw that he essayed an impossibility. His Indian auditors were not poets and the Chinook is not a flux for poetical expression. Primitive people are more given to pantomime than those more advanced, for the reason that it is necessary to supply the defects in their spoken language. The same necessity exists with children. In fact the pantomime is the genetic medium of communication, and gradually recedes as articulate language is developed. The gestures of an enlightened orator are not really pantomime, but an index of feeling, an assistant of emphasis rather than of thought. Colonel Edward Baker was, next to John B. Gough, the most in action while speaking of any one I ever heard, but there was slight intention of pantomime, at least no resort to it in default of abundant language to express all he desired. Naturally and undesignedly with him, graceful action accompanied deep feeling and most eloquent speech. Ex-Senator George H. Williams is a forcible orator and much given to action, which seems to bear, however, no relation to his speech except as a visible representative of force; his arms going up and down with a regular tilt-hammer motion which earned him the unphonious but significant soubriquet of "Old Flax Break."

Howlish Wampo, though a marvelous success in the use of his rudimentary language, was, when the occasion required, an adept in pantomime. To express his contempt of a dissembler, he was not contented by flaying him with the figurative epithet, "forked tongued" but must convey the same thought to the eye. Raising his right hand, back up, first and second fingers separated like a "fork" in front of and on a level with his mouth, he thrust the hand forward, diverging to the left, and uttered the words "one good talk," then bringing the hand back to the mouth, he thrust it out towards the right saying, "one bad talk." This combination he repeated several times, his countenance and tones growing in disgust with each repetition. It did not seem that language could do more.

The language of all cultivated races does not stop with primitive words, but from them, by the aid of prefixes, suffixes and inflexions, time and mood and the niceties of thought are expressed with much accuracy. On the other hand, the Indian languages are mainly primitive words and the same word without alteration or addition must do service for noun, verb and adjective. One would infer from such straitened conditions that very little could be accomplished with them. Still this poverty of speech compels the imaginative faculties into active exercise and away from abstract thought. Such a condition is also favorable to the development of idiomatic speech when a combination of words means more than the words themselves taken separately. Cultivated languages have standards for determining their purity, viz., the usage of the best speakers and writers, and the same rule, leaving off the writing, is the standard of purity for the aboriginal tongues. No white man would suppose that an Indian cared anything about the purity of his speech, or that the almost indefinable something we call taste had anything to do with it. That, however, is putting the Indian too low in the scale of esthetic humanity. In every tribe there are purists, who are as much pained by degeneracy and vulgarity in speech as are their educated white brethren; and no one better than the missionaries know of the fact.

At the Umatilla reservation, Howlish Wampo was the standard in all that goes to make an orator—pronunciation, inflection, accent, emphasis, natural elocution, etc., and I learned more from him as to the proper pronunciation of Indian names of persons and places than from all other sources. His own name, pronounced by the whites, Howlish Wampo, with a harsh aspirate and a loud mouth vowel sound, was very different when spoken by him. He gave no aspirate or resounding vowel. It was "Owlsh-wan-pun," accent on the first and third syllables. He said the whites were addicted to harsh pronunciation and gave many instances. Another Cayuse; and the richest of the tribe, was called Tim-te-met-sy. By Wanpun's tongue it was Tin-tin-meet-suh.

The whites are much given to the alteration of Indian names, and generally for the worse, as respects euphonic pronunciation. The word Willamette is a degenerate of our making, for the tribes of that valley and east of the Cascades pronounced it Wa-la-met (the "a" sounded as in father) as though reluctant to shorten a word which stood for so much loveliness, so many beauties that appealed to the eye, so many natural opportunities for satisfying their animal appetites. The late Judge Matthew P. Deady, a man of scholarly tastes, persistently refused to conform to the Americanizing of the word, and to the last spelt it so as to convey its aboriginal pronunciation. What a pity that the judge did not set himself the task of preserving the Indian names for all the natural objects, mountains, streams, valleys and other striking features of Oregon scenery. Many have been preserved, but we have waked up too late to rescue all the beautiful and musical words from oblivion.

The early pioneers to the Northwest Coast had an opportunity to learn the pronunciation of Indian names directly from the Indians, but it is doubtful if, with this advantage, we can claim to pronounce them according to aboriginal authority. Our lingual habits are different; our enunciation of the consonant elements has a different quality; as is often remarked, we haven't the offensive clucks and gutturals, which we think characteristic of primitive peoples, and yet we have appropriated thousands of their names and esteem them for their vocal richness and variety. In fact, we call them beautiful. But at best we have anglicized them, and occasionally introduced an element, the "r," which is foreign to the Indian tongue. No better evidence of this is needed than the vocabulary of the Chinook Jargon, compiled and printed here in early times when the Indians and whites were in daily communication by the use of it, and yet it is a poor representation of the Indian's speech. Besides a want of critical appreciation of the true vocal elements, there is here, as elsewhere in the United States, a tendency to drift into easy pronunciation more in conformity with our lingual habits. There are

dozens of departures in the vocabulary aforesaid, but I will mention only one, as it shows a want of discrimination which pervades the whole work. The Chinook word for water is given as "chuck," but the pure word is "tuck," which is less harsh to any sensitive ear. I do not recall any English word beginning with those consonants though thousands of them end with that combination.

The drifting or differentiating tendency is common to all peoples and all times, and can fully account for the diversity of aboriginal tongues in America, though the various tribes were derived from the same parent stock. This drifting tendency is well attested by one instance in the Willamette Valley, where a stream in Polk County, originally named by French trappers "La Creole," slid into "Rickreall" in less than ten years. I lived one year upon the Missouri border, in a part of the country formerly occupied by the Otoe Indians, and while there learned from an employee of the agency of the abortive attempt there made, to copy the Indian names given to the streams in that region. The Otoe name for water is "ne" and to this is added another name of a descriptive character. Their name for the great river flowing through their country, the Missouri, is Nee-sho-cho, meaning smoky water. The Nod-a-way was called "ne-od-a-wa," signifying log across the water. Nishnabotny is short for "Nee-ish-ne-bot-na," crooked water; and Nebraska is changed from "Ne-blas-ka," or shallow water, descriptive of the Platte. The spelling for these names as given on the old maps of seventy years ago was enough to give a hog the lock jaw.

This differentiating tendency, as viewed from the causes heretofore mentioned, was very much aggravated by changes which brought marked divergences in tribal character. Bees swarm and emigrate for want of room, and when an Indian tribe became too numerous to subsist upon the spontaneous productions near about them, a part drew off to an unoccupied region, thus relieving the congestion at home,—but with this difference as to the bees. The retiring swarm is homogeneous with that remaining, and therefore no differentiation results

from such an exodus. But an excision in an Indian tribe is governed by selective affinities and repulsions of various sorts, amounting sometimes to as profound a division as is contemplated by a separation of the sheep from the goats. This may account, in great part, for the difference in character of contiguous tribes of the same stock, as experienced by travellers ever since the settlement by Europeans began. Indeed, it is not a hard task for one given to the exercise of imagination, to fancy an exodus of two or three families distinguished for kindly dispositions and more than ordinary altruistic traits, tending continuously in that direction, and others of an opposite character progressing in conformity with its predominant traits. If it were not so, then we must suppose that the environment was corrective of the divergence, which is highly improbable.

INDIAN CHARACTERISTICS.

The differences observable in the various tribes and races of mankind are not, as many suppose, radical variations, that is, something of a different kind, but merely degrees of the same kind. The negro in his native state, hugging his fetish as a preventive of disease or other misfortune; the idolaters bowing down to blocks of wood or stone, to appease the wrath of their gods, as they read it in the earthquake, tornado, pestilence or famine, seem to strike us at first as indicative of another kind of creature, but upon more mature reflection we see in all such a different though a ruder manifestation of the same human faculties, veneration and fear, as modified by intelligence, or rather by ignorance. Perhaps the educated Christian, wearing his crucifix suspended by a golden necklace, would protest against being linked with the savage, whose desire for immunity from disease or other calamity causes him to wear a charm, and as respects the beautiful work of art worn by the former and the bag of stink worn by the latter, I would think the protest well taken, but the actuating and basic sentiment finding expression in one by enlightened and in the other by barbaric means, is evidently the same quality of human nature.

The Indians of the West Coast were given to amulets or charms and generally kept them secreted. They believed, too, in a multiplicity of spirits distributed among the objects of nature; such as the spirit of the mountain, the stream and smaller things. That is the mountain had a "ta-man-a-was," that was the name given by many. They also believed in a great spirit, but whether that idea was obtained from the missionaries, I cannot tell. When I arrived in Oregon in 1851, the Indians everywhere I met them talked about the Sohli Tyee or God, though they still spoke of the spirit of things. In either case he is not so far removed from civilized man and his religious habits as some suppose, and if logical perception is not sufficient proof of this, the conversion of the savage to Christianity and the adoption by him of the Christian symbols, with entire satisfaction of his inherited traits, ought to be conclusive. Through such manifestations it is not hard to discover that the Indian is a religious being and given to worship. He and his white brother are alike in seeing God in the clouds and hearing him in the wind, the only difference is, the red man's soul was never taught to stray far as the Solar walk or Milky Way. In some respects, however, I have been inclined to think him equally esthetic and more in practical conformity with Christian teaching than his more progressed white brother.

In the eastern part of Marion County, Oregon, there stands an isolated and most strikingly regular and beautiful butte some three hundred feet in height and covering nearly a section of land. It was fringed about its base, at the time of which I write, with fir groves, but its side and well-rounded and spacious top were devoid of timber, except a few old and spreading oaks and perhaps a half dozen gigantic firs whose weighty limbs were drooping with age. A meridian section line passes over the middle of this butte and four sections corner near its top. While running this line and establishing these corners in 1851, I observed many semicircular walls of stone enclosing space enough for a comfortable seat and as high as one's shoulders when in a sitting posture, upon cross

sticks as high as the knee. And what was the purpose of these stone chairs? I was determined to know, and the older white residents said the Indians made them but for what purpose they could not say. I became a witness to the use, and was particularly impressed with the fitness for what I saw. Indians from the north and south traveling that way generally camped upon the banks of the Abiqua Creek, a rapid stream of pure, cold water, just issued from the mountains upon the plain. The butte was near, and this they ascended and, taking seats within the stone sanctuaries, communed in silence with the Great Spirit. Bowing the head upon the hands and resting them upon the knees for a few moments, then sitting erect and gazing to the west over the enchanting valley interspersed with meadow, grove and stream; who can tell but they felt as sacred and elevated religious emotion as those who have succeeded them on the butte? The Catholics have purchased it and erected upon its summit an awe-inspiring cathedral, and there upon Mt. Angel, as they have named it, the prayers of the religious ascend. The Indians' name for this grand mount, dedicated by them to the service of their God, was "Tap-a-lam-a-ho," signifying in our language, Mount of Communion; the plain to the west, "Chek-ta," signifying beautiful or enchanting.

Now, looking at and comparing the two modes of worship, could any unprejudiced person fail to give the preference to the so-called savage, that is, if we are to regard Christ's precepts as worthy of note? The savage did not climb to the top of Tap-a-lam-a-ho to show off his good clothes, to be heard of men, to proselyte, or to increase his worldly gear. What was his purpose? Evidently religious worship. What was the burden of his supplication? As to that, we can only infer that, like other human beings, he prayed for what he wanted. He was not, however, in want of food, for the Abiqua was swarming with trout, the valley was blue with the bloom of his edible root, the sweet canas, from every grove came the low notes of the grouse, and the mountains near at hand were populous with bigger game; he did not want clothing, for the

far that warned the bear warned him. In all that great valley of the Willamette he had not an enemy from whom he sought deliverance, and being no politician and not aspiring to place, I have been at my wit's end in trying to fix upon a rational subject of his prayer, except it be that unrest of spirit which seeks escape from the bonds of clay and longs to rest in sublimer spheres, a characteristic of all the tribes of man. If not so, why should he ascend the mountain top to pray? Why not pray on low ground? I put this latter question to the unostentatious Indian worshippers, and although they were untaught in history, had never heard of Moses' interviews with Jehovah upon Mt. Sinai, or of the earthly rendezvous of the Grecian Gods and Goddesses upon Mt. Olympus, their answer proved that they are at one with the whole human race, viz., "Soh-li Tyee mit-lite wake siah copā sohli illahēe," which translated into our language means that God is near to the mountain top, or God is near in the mountains.

The majority of Americans, and very likely of all other nationalities, are in the habit of measuring success in terms of money. When they speak of a successful man or woman, and the question is put to them, "What did they do?" the answer will be, nine times out of ten, they accumulated a fortune. Taking this definition of success, some American Indians are successful under the most adverse circumstances.

Traveling up Sprague River through the Klamath Indian reservation in company with Hon. O. A. Stearns, I observed at one place numerous ricks of hay, probably hundreds of tons, and querying aloud to my companion as to whether such were the accumulations of the Indians, he answered that we were then passing through the ranch of a full-blood Indian named Henry Jackson, who was the owner of many cattle and all the hay in sight. He also gave me something of the history of Henry Jackson, but as that was seven years ago, and I took no notes of his recital, I addressed a letter to the present superintendent of the Klamath agency, and received the following answer:

KLAMATH AGENCY, Oregon, October 29, 1903.

T. W. Davenport,
Morris Plains, N. J.

My Dear Sir: I am sure your recollections of your experience as an agent at Umatilla and whatever else you write on the subject of the red men, will prove very interesting; especially to persons who, like myself, have spent so many years in the effort to prepare the original Americans for civilization and citizenship.

The Indian to whom Mr. Stearns referred was Henry Jackson, no doubt, as he is our wealthiest man. He was formerly a Pitt River slave and a number of Pitt Rivers were held as slaves by the Klamaths, but of course they were made free when the Indians treated with the United States and were adopted into the tribes. When a boy, Henry was called Skeddadle and did not take his present name until he was enlisted by myself in my company during the Modoc War. After the war, he made 16,000 rails, which I used on my cattle ranches, and for which I paid him \$25 a thousand, in young cattle, only allowing him a little money for his actual needs. This work promised him an independence and he mauld his way to the possession of a band of fine cattle, which he cared for with excellent judgment, and keeps on his fine ranch on the reservation. He now keeps about 1,000 head, selling off two to three hundred annually of as good cattle as are furnished for market in the Klamath Basin. Henry has always been temperate in his habits, though he smokes a little, and if he uses liquor it is done without publicity or apparent effect.

O. C. APPELGATE, Supt. K. A.

If we wish to study the inherent traits of human beings, we must eliminate, as far as possible, the additions which education and social surroundings have given, and this exclusion is more complete and effective by taking children for subjects. So early and unconsciously do we absorb the customs, animus and ideas of those with whom our early years are passed that infancy is the time to begin. Possibly we should begin as early as a humorous educator fixed for beginning the education of children, viz., with the grandparents. Human beings are never too old to learn and should never lie by in a superannuated list, but continue to press their mental faculties into use to the close of life here; still, that

should not estrange us from the conviction that youth is the era of involuntary absorption, and that what we get then remains a part of us to the end. When I was seven years old, I committed to memory all the coarse print of Kirham's Grammar and Olney's Geography, and they are within call at the age of seventy-seven, while memory often refuses to yield up the burden committed to it in more mature years.

A fine subject for study and experiment was a little Indian boy six or eight years of age that lived in my family during the years 1858 and 1859. He was a relic of the Rogue River Indian War of 1855 and 1856, having been wounded by a buckshot in the leg in "The Cabin Fight" and found in the cabin after the Indians had abandoned it. The Indians, being hotly pursued by the white settlers, took refuge in a log cabin from which they could command any approach and hold their assailants out of rifle range. To remedy this state of things, a mountain howitzer was being forwarded from the nearest fort, and the besieged Indians, guessing the cause of the apparent suspension of hostilities, awaited until dark, when they broke out, every fellow trusting to his heels, and escaped, it is said, without the loss of a man. A man by the name of Bozart claimed the boy as his prize, extracted the bullet, which had not done serious damage, named him Charley, and signified his intention of taking him to Missouri and selling him as a slave. Charley was a beautiful Indian boy with an admirable form and physical development, a good face and naturally shaped head, showing that he was not of the tribes addicted to the hideous custom of flattening their children's skulls while infants. My brother believed him to be a Modoc and was desirous of knowing what could be made of such a perfect specimen of the aborigine by education and rearing in a civilized community, and therefore got his release from Bozart. Being without a family, brother John took the boy to the Willamette and left him with mine for a season. At that time he could speak a little English, and young as he was, showed a very firm determination to hold fast the customs and habits of his tribe. His coal black hair was thick, matted

with fir pitch and dirt, and reached well down upon his shoulders. He was lousy beyond anything known of white children, and although he knew by trial that combing his helmet of hair was entirely out of the category of practicalities, he was so passionately proud of his long hair that he resisted all attempts to shorten it.

When John turned the boy over to me he said to him, "Charlie, you are to stay here with my brother for a while; he will take care of you and send you to school and you must do as he wishes you to do. Mind whatever he says and be a good boy."

Charlie gave his assent and school began. The first thing on the program was to clear the boy of lice, which could be done in no other way than to cut his hair close to his head. To this he said "No" with a firmness of tone that had deterred his other teachers.

"Charlie, you have come to stay in my family, but while the lice are on you, you cannot have clean clothes, sleep in good bed, go anywhere or be anybody. In fact, you cannot stay in the house. Do you not see that your hair must come off?"

Still that defiant negative which had caused others to respect his so-called rights.

I took the shears and advanced toward him. A forbidding frown took possession of his face, his black eyes were fixed on me with a most obstinate expression, and backing to the wall he held up both arms in an attitude of defense.

"Charlie, you put me in mind of the sheep. Of a hot day when they would feel better with the wool off, they try to get away, but we have to catch them, hold them down and shear off the wool, and I see that you have no more sense than sheep." At this I took hold of him without any show of indignation on my part, laid him upon the floor, sat astride of him, holding his arms down with my legs, and began shearing him.

"Hold your head still; you are acting again like sheep that flounce around and get pieces cut out of their hides. Whoa,

His hair was cut close to the skin, and his scalp found covered with a festering mass of dandruff, blood and matter, alive with lice, some of them of enormous size. An application of shaving soap and warm water cleansed it; my wife put a cap on him that she had constructed during the operation, and Charlie was helped from the floor, very different in his mood. His antagonism went with his hair seemingly. Contrary to my expectation, he showed no sign of retaliation or revenge.

"Cheer up, Charlie, we are going to make you over into a white boy. You can eat at the same table with us and be the same as my boy."

I soon learned by observation that he had a great amount of pride of personal consequence. According to his infant ideas, the brave, the warrior stood at the head of creation, and this was borne out by his head, which was high in the center of the crown, showing to a phrenologist firmness and self-esteem; and lower down the development indicating large combativeness, secretiveness and destructiveness. He had also good intellectual faculties, was not wanting in affection, and while a little slow of temperament, was apt to learn. There was no use, therefore, of appealing to such an organization with the "beauties of holiness" to influence his conduct. If the truth and a proper regard for the welfare of others could not be got into his mind as especially characteristic of the warrior, the brave, his advance in civilization must be hopeless. To make of right doing a chivalrous function, consonant with his rude ideas of personal worth, was my purpose. So, an untruthful person was denounced as a coward; a rude, unkind person, as an inferior sort of being, who did not belong to the true and the brave. A brave boy dared to do right, to shield the weak and helpless, to put them on their feet and help them to an equal chance in life. This was the kind of tuition, and while he stayed in my family it bore fruit. He could be relied upon to tell the truth though damaging to himself. He would care for our two little girls and obey me without hesitation and with seeming pleasure to

himself, but to obey my wife was a sore trial to his pride, which was ever on the point of revolt against what some white masculines call petticoat government. Her requests he executed grudgingly and once he positively refused and stood in battle array. When informed of it, I asked him to give a reason for such treatment of the person who was performing the duties of mother for him.

"Does she not cook your victuals, wash your clothes, give you a soft, warm bed, teach you to read and treat you as her own boy? And is this the return you make for all her goodness? Can't you see that your refusal to do what she requests is the act of a cowardly cur that should be kicked out of decent society? Now, Charlie, if you are intending to be a man and hold your head up among men, never let that occur again."

And he didn't, though he had lived too long among those who thought it humiliating for braves to obey a squaw. His education did not begin soon enough.

We had a flock of sheep and it was Charlie's duty to bring them to the corral every evening before dark to secure them from wolves, a task which he performed punctually with one exception. Upon coming home one night at ten o'clock, I found him sitting before the fireplace in a moody state of mind, and upon inquiring the cause learned that the sheep were not penned as usual; that Charlie had been on a visit that day to one of the neighbors, did not get home until after dark, and that he had had an unsuccessful search for them.

"Well," said I, "you do not propose to leave them out over night for the wolves to kill, do you?"

My wife interposed with the remark that Charlie was afraid, and being a little boy she could not ask him to go again.

"Why, he has been big enough all along to drive sheep, and I guess he is big enough now."

"Well, but he suffers from fear," my wife said, "and it is cruel to force him out at this time of night."

"Charlie, what are you afraid of?"

"The dark," he muttered.

"Nonsense, the dark never hurts anybody."

"It is the boogaboo," he simpered.

"There are no boogaboos. Did you ever see a boogaboo?"

"No."

"Well, nobody ever saw a boogaboo. There is nothing to hurt you and a cayote would run away from you. You are no coward and not afraid of anything. If you are afraid something will catch you, stand still and say, 'Come on,' and you will stand there until you are gray-headed unharmed. Now, go for the sheep and don't come back without them if it takes all night."

He went and returned with them in an hour.

After he had gone, my wife chided me for cruelty in forcing the little fellow to endure such punishment and put the question to me squarely how I would relish such treatment of my boy.

"That is a very different case. Charlie is not imaginative and sensitive like most white children; he will not be injured."

When Charlie entered the house after his return, his dark eyes shone with a light never seen before; and he had the step and visage of a conqueror.

"Charlie, you will sleep better than you would if you had gone to bed without securing the sheep."

One day a peddler came to our home and unrolled his pack for trade. There were pocket knives, pistols that shone with fine mountings, watches of gold and silver, pins, needles, ribbons, etc. The children had never seen such a dazzling display. Especially was Charlie intent upon viewing the outfit. I said:

"Charlie, look over this man's goods, and pick out one article, only one, and I will buy it for you."

My wife whispered, "There is a gold watch for which he asks a hundred dollars, and we can't afford to buy that for him, and you must not deceive him."

"Never fear, I know what I am saying," and I repeated the offer. "Charlie, look well to the goods, pistols, knives, watches, and pick out one article that you prefer and I will buy it for you."

My wife was on nettles and the peddler exhibited the gold watch conspicuously.

"Hold on there," I said, "let the boy have his choice."

He did, and Charlie delightedly snatched up a bolt of very bright, deep-red ribbon an inch and a half in width, to the utter disgust of the peddler, who said:

"I'll be damned if you don't know an Indian from the ground up."

"Charlie, this is your day. Ogle that ribbon until you are tired out."

With my wife's assistance there were festoons upon his arms and legs, a band with bows around his black head, and from his neck to his heels flowed streamers that fluttered in the breeze.

Fashionable white people put on finery to please others, but Charlie had no thought of pleasing others; it was purely self-satisfaction; enjoyment coming with the exercise of faculty, and I believe an innate love of bright colors. What philosopher will show how such ecstasy can come from the vibrations of red upon the Indian's optic nerve? Are white children so affected and is it a phenomenon peculiar to childhood? If so, mature Indians are never more than children, for the preference for red never fades. There were various patterns and colors in the calicos of the annuity goods, but the squaws preferred the red.

After my brother's marriage, Charlie was taken to live with him in the little town of Phoenix in Rogue River Valley, an unfortunate change for Charlie. There he was in company with white boys who loved his company and who rallied him for obeying my brother's wife. His early repugnance to feminine control was revived to such an extent as to threaten her safety, and Charlie was turned over to Captain Truax of the Oregon Volunteers. He was taken to Fort Walla Walla, and there, falling in with those of depraved habits, became diseased and died miserably while a mere youth. But others with white skins did the same. The American Army, I believe, is not a moral reform institution. One company re-

recruited in Marion County, mainly an agricultural district, was composed almost entirely of young men not addicted to the use of alcoholic liquors or tobacco, and I was informed by the Hon. W. R. Dunbar, one of them, that only one stuck to his temperance habits, the others soon taking to smoking and drinking, and some of them went even lower in the descending scale.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN INDIAN AGENT—IV.

By T. W. DAVENPORT.

The Indian's side of the story, in his conflict with the white man, will never be fully told, and it need not be. Something of it is known and the rest can be predicted. An unprogressive being was he, quite well satisfied with the present, unsimulated by the past, non-apprehensive of the future, and any one can say of such a being that in contact with one in all things the reverse, a restless mortal dissatisfied with the present, with a history pointing upwards, apprehensive of the future and always striving for individual and social betterment; in other words, continually working on his environment and full of the enthusiasm of progress which coveted the earth—yes, any one can say that the former would be the victim, the one sinned against, and the latter the sinner, whatever the annals might show. As it is, however, Poor Lo must stand in history as the barbarian resisting unto death the advance of civilization. Of course, if the American aborigine persisted in his habit of depending upon the spontaneous productions of the earth for a living, he must and should go to the wall in a contest with those whose habits of contributing their labor and thought to increase the bounties of nature, put them in harmony with nature's other edict, that man should multiply and replenish the earth. The two modes of life are irreconcilably antagonistic. One is at variance with any considerable increase of population and means destruction either by war or famine to hold it in check; the other is consistent with increase of population, invites to individual effort of mind and body in utilizing the forces of nature and thus leads to civilization.

This natural and therefore inevitable antagonism, which must produce perpetual conflict even when both sides to it are governed by humane principles, was never brought home

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to the Indian except by the terrible tuition of force. Even among our own citizens who have had the opportunities for enlightenment that come from colleges and schools, how many of them have considered this as a philosophical question and looked with compassion upon the red brother who is wholly without such helps to form a proper judgment and thereby incline him to habits promotive of peace and a progressive life. And this tuition of force and destruction, in its entirety, has been unknown to the Indian. Each tribe and probably contiguous tribes could know of it as applied to themselves, but of its history, extent, and universality, they could not know. The Indian, without science and arts, except the rudest, without literature or a recorded history, what could he know of the advance of that persistent, cumulative and relentless force, which resist as he would, was crowding him off the earth? And in this so-called race conflict, are we, with all our science, history, and philosophy, in a mental condition to do justice to the character of this barbarian? I fear that we are not. We say that he is cruel, treacherous, revengeful, indiscriminate in slaughter when at war, and receives pleasure in torturing his enemies. Admit it all, and the Indian, if he had the ability to read our history, could say that every such allegation is true of the white man in overflowing degree. Yes, the Indian is indiscriminate and inclined to hold the white race responsible for the acts of an individual, and in my experience at the Umatilla, as I have elsewhere related, there was not a case of grievance alleged by a white man against an Indian, that he did not, in his anger, mutter maledictions against the whole Indian breed and blame Uncle Sam for trying to make anything out of it. I did not therefore rush to the conclusion that the white man is no better than the Indian, for in every such instance, after the relations between the races had been explained, and the provocatives to individual resistance and retaliation for the white man's encroachments were shown, the white denouncer proved his superiority by exhibiting a more fraternal spirit towards his red brother.

If by the declaration that the red man's story will never be told, is meant that there is a darker hue than has been given to the white man's side of the conflict, evidently it should not be told. Enough has been recorded of both sides to show that too large a part of both races are at times given over to destructive frenzy. That is the way with all tribes and nations, and this fact or the degree of the fact is not in the right direction to find the measure of their advancement, which, in the language of the mathematician, is to be found in the summation of the series.

We have only to look across the line into the British possessions of North America to see that their treatment of the Indian has been more promotive of peace and good will than ours, and some people are swift to conclude that the Canadians are of a higher moral tone than the people of the United States. The true reason lies in the fact that their system of government has a more constant and more powerful restraining influence upon the lawless class in society. There is more individual freedom with us, and consequently more room for departure from the normal line of conduct. This difference is boldly in evidence to those of our citizens who have lived in mining regions governed by Canadian officers, whose official tenure does not depend upon the mood of the populace. The mounted police of the Dawson country is a much better protection to the inhabitants than our system of elective sheriffs and constables. My brother, John C. Davenport, who owned gold mines in British Columbia, was very decided in his preference for the summary proceedings there, in restraining the predatory class that infest the mines of every country and by collusion and false swearing beat honest people out of their rightful possessions. The commissioner appointed to investigate cases of conflict, examines into the merits of each and makes a report, upon which the "frauds" are admonished to take themselves off, and in case of refusal are lodged in jail. As a general rule such methods are satisfactory to honest claimants, but when those armed with such powers become, peculiarly or otherwise, interested in a vitiation of

justice, then our people perceive that they have a power to contend with that is more to be dreaded than the temporary mis-verdicts of public opinion. It has been proved hundreds of times that despotic governments are favorable to what is termed "law and order," but the individual surveillance proper motive of it is also destructive to that individual freedom without which human progression is impossible. So, as we in the United States have adopted progression as our shibboleth, our Indian question and the history we have made in connection with it, must be viewed from our standpoint. And this means that we must look at what the people have done individually or rather desultorily (and this of course points to the frontiersman), and what has been done by the government. And upon separating these two modes of conduct great dissimilarity may be observed. On the frontier where individualism prevailed, unhindered to a great extent by governmental restraint, the contest between the two forms of society was one of mutual distrust, hate, and retaliation, in which the destructive faculties of both races were conspicuously displayed.

On our part it was always one of encroachment, of necessity, so as we have seen, in which the view point of the Indian was never essayed; his ideas, customs, and rights as he viewed them, seldom respected, and hence all his powers of resistance were brought to the front with most alarming ferocity. It must not be assumed, however, that this fretful edge of civilization was all brutishness; there were conspicuous examples of wisdom and benevolence on our part, enough to temper in some degree the asperities of the conflict, but not enough to control. The government, on the other hand, took a larger view of the situation by recognizing the possessory rights of the Indians, making treaties, buying large tracts needed by us for expansion and, with the consent of the tribes, moving them westward or placing them upon reservations where advancements of money and goods were made to assist them in becoming agriculturists. It is pleasant to know that such was the declared policy of the national government, though we

are compelled to admit that it has fallen lamentably short in the fulfilment of its promises. As all popular governments must be, ours has been swerved by the *vox populi*, which is not uninfluenced by merely selfish considerations that find their opportunity in maladjustments and war. There have not been wanting men to make known and resist such abuses, and others of an unofficial character; enough has been done to show that with more deliberation, a better knowledge of the Indian character, a proper regard for his beliefs and customs, and the cultivation of a more fraternal spirit, the advance of civilization would have proceeded without the horrors that have attended it. From the first, the treatment of the Indian by the white man is unexplainable except upon the assumption that he was so far inferior that he must not stand in the way of the latter and yield up to him everything to satisfy his avaricious and lustful desires. We are so unconsciously in the habit of passing over the Indian as unworthy of notice that we speak of Christopher Columbus as being the discoverer of America, although millions of human beings had occupied the continent for untold ages. From that time onward the natives were considered legitimate objects of conquest and exploitation, and with the exception of the missionary work of the Christians, were so treated. History has no blacker pages than those relating the conquest of Mexico and Peru by the Spaniards, in which Dr. Draper says they extinguished a civilization scarcely inferior to their own. Our treatment of the Indian has been mild in comparison, still we have not regarded him as entitled to equal rights with ourselves, notwithstanding our Jeffersonian principles. In this we erred as every experiment in fraternal treatment has proved.

Lewis and Clark, guided by the humanitarian admonitions of Jefferson, passed the breadth of the continent unmolested and even welcomed by the so-called savages, numerous enough to have annihilated them at the commencement of the journey. With the Indian, as with other people, the exhibition of a kindly and just spirit goes far to bring about reciprocal sentiment and makes for peace. And it may as well be said, that

without such sympathies people do not become acquainted; they cannot weigh each other. How many times conflicts and wars could have been averted by a mutual understanding, by putting ourselves in the Indian's place.

And here I must narrate an incident that occurred on the plains in the year 1850. Our train of fifteen wagons and as many men was passing through the Otoe Indian country, some fifty miles west of the Missouri River, when descending into a hollow we came unexpectedly upon a hundred Indians sitting in a semi-circle facing the road. One of them arose and approached, evidently with the desire to say something. The train halted and this man said that his brethren sitting there were Otoe Indians, that they had depended in times past upon hunting and fishing for a living, but since the travel through their country to Sante Fe, Salt Lake, California and Oregon had become so constant during the hunting season, there was no longer any game for them. They could not go north or west without meeting with their enemies, the Pawnees and Sioux, or to the south without coming in contact with the more dreaded Comanches, and they thought it not out of the proper way to ask travelers through their country to contribute something for their support. This was said in good English and with a respectful manner. At that, one of our men, Mr. Ephraim Cranston, from Ohio, began what I should call a Fourth of July oration, in which he informed the Indian speaker in grandiloquent style that we were American citizens, entitled to travel anywhere in Uncle Sam's dominions and that we came prepared to resist any encroachments upon our rights.

At the close of that peroration, the Indians, if they had been inclined to ridicule, should have given liberal applause, for we had no guns in sight and probably could not have presented a loaded rifle in 15 minutes by the watch, while there sat 100 Indians with their guns, every one presumably ready for instant service. The Indian, like a sensible man, made no reply and my father asked him how much they had been requesting travellers to contribute. He answered, \$1

a wagon. "I see, I see," said father, "your request seems to be reasonable and here are three dollars for our three wagons." A Mr. Collins, late a professor in a Kentucky college, said, "Dr. Davenport, you pay one dollar for me and I will hand it to you this evening at camp." When all had paid, the Indians arose and one of them, the chief, came forward, addressed my father as Doctor Davenport, and began to converse with him in faultless English. We learned afterwards that he had attended an American college. He wished to know which were our wagons, and after they were pointed out, he said, "Doctor, your buggy ought not to be called more than half a wagon," and addressing a word or two in his own language to the collector, the latter handed father half a dollar. Turning to Mr. Cranston, who was ill at ease, from the adverse outcome of his oratory, the chief asked, "How many fighting men have you, Captain?" Mr. Cranston no doubt felt that the question was rather on the sarcastic order and remained silent. Likely, there would have been no danger in refusing to contribute, but the incident is valuable in showing how easily conflicts arise between people having different ideas, customs and laws. Mr. Cranston, though in this instance sadly indiscreet, was a well-informed man and knew that the Otoes claimed the country we were travelling over and that the general government had not purchased their claim, but ensconced in the egotism common to a large part of the American people, he had dismissed the Indian notion of tribal ownership as childish and the practice of the government in treating with them and purchasing the land claimed by them, as worse than foolish, for it confirmed them in the absurd opinion that they really owned the land they had been in the habit of roaming over. Still, as a matter of natural justice, and in every aspect of the case, the Otoes had the best of the argument. They were natives to the soil, their ancestors for untold generations had occupied and possessed it, there was no allegation of conflicting claims, and so their title was good by every condition precedent, ever urged by any civilized nation. At that time the government maintained

an agency in the Otoes' country and was doing something in the line of improvement, as they were hemmed in by hostile tribes that kept them away from the buffalo country. Here the Missouri River was the western boundary of civilization, which was with difficulty restrained from invading the Indian territory.

And here, as at every other point where the white and red man met, their attitude was one of personal antagonism leading to destructive physical conflict. And when we go further back and inquire into the antecedents of the contestants, there should be no wonder as to the result; in the nature of things it could not be otherwise. As we have shown, civilization, devoid of personality, is essentially aggressive, and when we add to this the education of the white man, the explanation is complete.

From the cradle up he was the recipient of folk lore which placed the Indian as his hereditary and implacable enemy. To the childish request, "Grandma, tell me a story," it was bear or Indian, ghost stories being too tame for frontier life, and that the bear and Indian did not stand upon the same plane as objects to be exterminated, seldom entered into the thoughts of the grandmother or the little one soon to take part in the conquest of the wilderness. When older, his reading was of a like kind, Western Adventures, Border Wars, etc., in which the Indian was pictured as a war demon isolated from every human affection, and the white warrior as battling for family, kindred, home and country. Granny might bring tears to the eyes of her little auditors by telling how the bear's cubs moaned over their dead mother, but no tears flowed for the Indian children made destitute by this perpetual conflict. No thought was taken of them. With such tuition isn't it to the credit of the white man that his side of the story is no worse?

Daniel Boone, when an old man and entertaining some young admirers with his hunting experiences, spoke of the grand excitement the hunter feels when in the pursuit of "big game"—deer, bear, elk, buffalo, etc. "But boys," said

that he should think of them as "varmints" to be killed on sight? This may be thought an extreme view, as indeed it is, when applied to the government or the whole people of the United States, but it is not extreme in its application to most of those who have had to bear the brunt of the conflict resulting from the impact of the two antagonistic modes of human existence.

An incident which illustrates this branch of the subject is related in Lyman's late History of Oregon, viz.: that of a young man in the emigration of 1847, who wantonly shot a squaw that was in a tree gathering boughs for a bed. I had an account of it from one of the members of the train and have no doubt as to the truth of his narration. The young fellow had said frequently that he intended to kill an Indian and get into line with his ancestors who were Indian fighters. His boasting was thought to be mere gas and no serious attention was given to it, further than to remark that killing Indians had better be postponed to a more propitious season. One day while the company was encamped he returned from a hunt and coolly informed his fellow travellers that he had made his word good by shooting an Indian. His story was not credited, but soon a band of Indians arrived and demanded the murderer. Strenuous efforts were made to indemnify the justly irate Indians by the payment of goods, money, cattle or anything in the train, but they were not to be appeased by such presents, and as they largely outnumbered the emigrants, no effectual resistance could be opposed to their requisition. Knowing that in their present mood the victim would meet with a most cruel death, as a last resort, they proposed a trial and conviction after the manner of the white man's court. Nothing would do, he had to be given up to the Indians, who flayed him alive in hearing of the horror-stricken emigrants. It would have been more in accordance with their reputation to have robbed or massacred the train. It is stated in the aforesaid history that thirty-two white immigrants were killed by the Snake Indians in the year 1851, but there is no provocation or incident given by the

historian as a reason for such hostility. Presumably he knew of none or he would have recorded the fact. There was one, however, well known to the members of the train in which the first casualty occurred. The Patterson train arrived at Rock Creek on the south side of Snake River about the middle of July. Dr. Patterson, as camp hunter, had preceded the train and, finding a small party of Indians encamped upon the beach place on the creek, he ordered them off. They did not heed or maybe did not understand his commands, and he brought his shotgun into play, pointing it at them and at last firing it over their heads. Thereupon they took hasty leave and the next morning at dawn, one of the guards, a Mr. Black from Indiana, was shot through the abdomen while standing before the campfire. The same morning two others in trains near by were slightly wounded.

Our train, Mac Alexander's, arrived at the Rock Creek camp the evening of that day, and we saw Mr. Black, examined his wound and heard from members of the train the recital given above. I heard the story from several of the company and there was no material difference. There seemed to be no excuse for Patterson, although all agreed that he intended no bodily harm to the Indians. I wrote it down at the time, as did my mother, who included it in letters to friends East, and it is a little strange that it did not get into print. I have a letter before me from the Hon. John N. Davis, of Marion County, Oregon, who claims to be the only survivor of the Patterson train. He writes from memory and cannot give the exact date of the occurrence, but says it was about the middle of July, and he gives the first name of Mr. Black (Presley), which I never knew, and also stated that he lived seventeen days afterwards and was buried on Birch Creek. I can corroborate Mr. Davis's memory as to the latter, for I was present at his deathbed and assisted to bury him on Birch Creek. Mr. Davis goes a little more into details concerning Patterson's reasons for driving the Indians away than were given to me at that time, and his account makes the conduct of Patterson appear in a worse light. I quote that portion

of this letter: "The Indians wanted to trade ducks for powder, but the doctor and his party were afraid to let the Indians camp near them, so they pointed their guns at them, and the Indians ran. Then Dr. P. and party fired their guns over the fleeing Indians' heads and pursued them on horseback to see how fast the Indians could run. It was the cause of Black's death and the whole trouble with the Bannock tribe of Indians that year." As the Indians are very good judges as to the meaning of human actions, presumably they did not believe that Patterson intended to shoot them, but what he did was a most dastardly insult which a white man would have considered just cause for war. Thereafter the emigrants had a running fight for a hundred miles along that portion of Snake River. My father, Dr. Benjamin Davenport, and Dr. Hutton examined Mr. Black and decided that if he could be at rest or carried on a litter there was good prospect of recovery. But people were panicky and wanted to get out of the Indian country as soon as possible. The wounded man was placed upon a bed made by weaving a rope through holes along the upper edge of a wagon bed and carried in this way until he died. That he lived for seventeen days, jolted ten or twelve hours a day on rough and rocky roads, would seem to prove that the doctors were correct in their prognosis.

Thousands of provocatives on both sides have never been recorded, and the order of their occurrence, especially with reference to priority, is wholly unknown; sometimes from one side and sometimes from the other a single exhibition of brute force, an invasion of human rights from an untraceable source, being sufficient to bring on a collision between two races mutually distrustful and apprehensive of destructive assault. But along with such forbidding features, stand out in bold relief instances of sympathy and fraternity coming from both races that should redeem even the Indian from the general charge of unmitigated barbarism. Among our own people there is a small class whom we may call philanthropists, ever contending that the white man is the active and needless

aggressor, and that to restrain him is the rational and sure way to preserve the peace. They forget or do not properly weigh the fact that the Indian tribes, before civilization pressed them, were, with slight intermission, in continual warfare with each other, and that such a school is not promotive of an active and predominant state of the moral sentiments. That a hand to hand conflict, such as must have been with the weapons then used, wherein the destroying passions were at the highest tension, did not blot out the kindly qualities of their nature, should be taken as proof that they are good subjects upon which to try the civilizing experiments. In the year 1846 some of the immigrants to Oregon were diverted to the southern route, passing through Rogue River Valley, and from want of water and grass while travelling through an unexplored region on the east side of the Cascade Mountains, were brought to extreme destitution. Some of them died, more were so reduced in strength from excessive toil and privation as to be barely able to walk. In this condition my father's cousin, David Colver, of the Waldo Hills, Oregon, fell into Rogue River and though he held to an overhanging bush he was unable to extricate himself. The water was cold, his hold upon the bush was gradually loosening, when he was espied by an Indian and rescued from his perilous position. The Indian conducted him to his wigwam, warmed, dried and fed him, and, thus reclaimed to the living, piloted him several miles on his way to the Willamette Valley. Even at this time the whites were treating the Rogue River Indians as enemies. Was that a foolish Indian or one of the good Samaritan breed? I learned from others who came that way that they too were befriended.

When our train arrived at Fort Laramie in the fore part of June, 1851, thousands of Sioux Indians were scattered for miles around the fort. There was no alternative but to camp among them and evidently futile to try to guard our stock, so we turned loose our cattle and horses, went to bed and trusted to Providence to find them in the morning. Not a hoof was missing or strayed and the explanation for such an

unexpected result was somewhat varied; some attributing it to the proximity of the fort which contained a company of U. S. Cavalry; others to the fraternal treatment of the Indians who visited us at camp. The chief came to our tent, was invited to supper by my father, partook heartily of dough-nuts and coffee with sugar and cream, conversed as well as he could by means of a few words of English and his native pantomime, at which he was an adept, and with many hand-shakes departed at a late hour, no doubt well pleased with his reception. A short distance away was another camp of emigrants who, with one exception, extended the hand of friendship to the red brothers. This man motioned them away, evinced by scowls and other signs that their company was not wanted and they complied with his wishes. Next morning his family alone had cause to lament his want of hospitality. A thief in the night time had stolen their entire outfit of cooking utensils. His suspicions were no doubt correct, that Indians had done it, and possibly they would have taken his cattle also if they could have identified them. Sometimes it is bad policy to spurn even a worm. From such instances as are of historical record and others handed along from sire to son, we must conclude that there is far greater difference in individuals of the aboriginal type than of other peoples, or else that the character of the typical Indian as given by historians is of very doubtful accuracy. If there is one quality accredited to the Indian upon which writers oftener agree it is treachery, a term which may be indicative of good or bad disposition, depending wholly upon circumstances. No sensible person, well informed upon legal matters, attaches any importance or binding obligation to a bargain or treaty made under duress, or when one of the parties to it is not free to express his wishes or interests, or is seduced by false promises, but that is the kind of treaty we have been making with the Indians, with slight exceptions, ever since the discovery by Columbus. In a proper and legal sense they were not treaties but impositions to be protested whenever favorable opportunity arrived. That the Indians have been faithless to them

in several instances may be termed treachery by us, but we take time to think of the whole subject-matter, he raises in our estimation as a good specimen of the Pat Henry sort who prefers death to a loss of liberty. If we to credit history, the treaty made by William Penn and Indians was genuine and faithfully observed by both trading parties.

We are so unaccustomed to the observance of the Golden Rule by putting ourselves in others' places long enough to have a proper understanding of their relation to nature and facts, that we are altogether unacquainted with how the Indian feels or how we would feel when being called upon by an alien to leave the land of our birth and inheritance through unknown generations; to tear the heart strings loose from that humanity holds dear and sacred and emigrate to a region where the problem of life must begin anew. Some of the demands, especially in their execution, have been most harsh and cruel, but in the main the government has executed such decrees of fate in a spirit of true philanthropy. bloody and bitter has been the red man's answer to some of these demands. Captain Jack and his little remnant of the race could not understand why the great and powerful white race that had usurped the whole country could not let them remain upon Lost River, their ancestral home. They wanted to reason the case but the white man would not reason. The fact there was no reason, other than the fact of civilization and this to the barbarians was an enigma. Is it strange that they lapsed into a destructive frenzy, blind to consequences?

All that Chief Joseph the Nez Perce wanted was to be alone in his home, the little, lovely, out-of-the-way Waiilatp Valley. But no—reason that led towards equal rights for him and his people did not apply. Unlike Captain Jack, he did not fall into a frenzy, but he towered with splendid resolution and gave the white man battle according to the old code of warfare. Neither reason nor force could rob him from the grip of fate; he lost both his country and his freedom, and now, an old man, is looked upon by his

quorers as a hero worthy of a better cause. Very likely he knew that he would be beaten, but the habit and inspiration of freedom defies consequences and puts the human soul at one with the universe.

A great council was held in the Walla Walla Valley in May, 1855, at which were gathered all the principal tribes of Eastern Oregon and Washington, the federal government being represented by two very able men, Governor Isaac I. Stevens and Joel Palmer, Commissioner from Oregon. As usual there was "a feast of fat things full of marrow," which no doubt helped to smoothe the way to an amicable understanding which came late and after many hindrances and was made possible by the steadfast purpose of Young Lawyer, chief of the Nez Percés, the mild and conciliatory spirit of old Stickas of the Cayuses, and the wisdom of the aforementioned agents of the government. Old Kamiakin of the Yakimas, Peu-peu-mox-mox of the Umatillas and Walla Wallas, and Ow-hi, a young chief of the Cayuses, correctly apprehending the seductive effects of a feast, refused to eat or smoke at the white man's expense. But they were in the minority and tacitly but grudgingly assented to what was done by the others. A reservation was set off for the Nez Percés in their own country; the Yakimas in their; the Spokane and Pend d'Oreilles on part of the vast region they were in the habit of roaming over; and the Umatillas, Walla Wallas, and Cayuses were permitted to remain in their own country subject to largely reduced boundaries. Governor Stevens at first proposed a reservation of three million acres on the Clear Water and Salmon rivers, for the three latter tribes, but they objected so unanimously and strenuously that the Governor by the advice of Palmer withdrew the proposition and the Upper Umatilla country continued to be their home. At that council Governor Stevens came nearer stating the question at issue between the races, in a form comprehensible to untaught natures, than any I have seen recorded. Probably his language is not preserved but the ideas he sought to impress upon those people are fundamental and essential to a voluntary

acquiescence in the march of civilization. The Indians said, in substance, "This is our country and we have a right to do as we please with our country. We do not invade the white man's country, but he comes and takes ours and demands that we shall live as he does. We answer him, No, No. Let him stay in his own country and leave us to do as we please." A historian writes that "Stevens felt fully that here was the crisis but it could not be explained to the Indians.* They held a view irreconcilable with the new conditions. He desired them to understand that the Americans were willing to give them the same, or even better opportunity than their own people, but the country could not be closed to settlement. He had not, neither had the government itself, the power to check the American settlement of the country. His measures were as a protection to the Indians." There is other evidence that he told them more upon the same subject; that the large region they had been living in could not be kept as a game preserve for any people, that it must be cultivated and afford a living for more people than could get a living on it by hunting and fishing, and as they were not accustomed to agriculture the government would help them to begin and send white men to teach them, which is more than is done for white men. The Governor seemed to be doubtful as to their ability to understand, but I think he was unduly faithless. Peu-peu-mox-mox saw a difference between goods and the earth. He said, "Good and the earth are not equal. Goods are for using on the earth." Evidently he had a vague perception that the earth is the primal source of all goods, which is a platitude among political economists. The Governor made a good beginning and should have gone into details and a rationale of the movement he was inaugurating, for such would have been more easily comprehended than generalities. A dull Indian

*Learning that Governor Stevens' son Hazard had written a life of his father, I sent him a copy of this page relating to the big council, and the Oregon historian's account of it, to which the biographer replied that his father explained everything fully to the Indians and had no doubt as to their understanding of the situation.—T. W. D.

can be made to understand the immense advantage a tiller of the soil has over a hunter, if his mind be directed to a comparison of the rewards of the two modes of life. Merely saying to an Indian or a white man that the two modes are antagonistic is not enough; we must descend to particulars and bring it home to them practically. Such was my course at the Umatilla, as before related, and those who attended my lectures were asked to compute the difference from their own experience. I was satisfied that they appreciated the advantages to be derived from their situation, for they began in early spring to use all the facilities the government afforded them for raising crops of wheat, oats, potatoes and other edible roots, something which, with few exceptions, they had never done in all their long dwelling in that ideal farming country—the Umatilla Valley.

After I left the agency, which was about the first of July, 1863, a change of program must have taken place on the reservation, for a large company of Indians, reported to be two hundred, went over to the Grande Ronde Valley where I was surveying the first of August, to see me and get some assistance in redressing some grievances they had experienced under the new management. Of their visit and the purpose of it I was informed by Green Arnold, a former resident on the Umatilla, besides several other citizens of La Grande. Being out in the mountains at that time, I did not see them and never learned as to the precise nature of their complaint, but I requested Mr. Arnold to inform them that I could do nothing for them, except to get them and myself into trouble with the agency authority, and my advice was to go back, squat upon a piece of land and make a home there. Up to this time the Indians on the Umatilla had been opposed to the allotment of lands in severalty, but as I have stated in another place, as soon as their eyes were opened to their true interests they were anxious to have their lands surveyed and lots distributed. I surveyed three ten-acre lots, but from the fact that they could not be assured possession of them they

very properly concluded to wait for the action of the government.

There was another reason which had operated against allotment and that was the opposition of the owners of large bands of horses, who were interested in free range on many thousand acres of land, which they could not expect to get in any governmental scheme of allotment. As heretofore stated, Howlish Wampo had 800 head, Tin-tin-meet-suh had 4000, and these men would exert all their influence to postpone the time when they could have only 160 acres each. There was still another reason that operated upon all, poor and rich, horse owner and horseless alike, viz.: that expansive feeling we call freedom which resists the lets and hindrances of limited area and among the aborigines everywhere in America finds expression in opposing the private ownership of land. Like the poorest breech-clouted Indian felt, while sauntering aimlessly about on that great reservation, that it was God's free gift to him and that he could camp anywhere upon it, by its mountain springs and meadows, in its pleasant groves or its grassy undulating plains, without feeling himself a trespasser or hearing the warning "keep off the grass." The feeling that the earth is the equal birthright of all the living is not confined to any tribe or race or time; it crops out all the time and everywhere, notwithstanding the edicts of despotism or the equally despotic enactments of popular assemblies. And who can tell, even with the help of statistical tables relating to nations in varying degrees of civilization, how much the death rate is affected by the suppression of this innate aspiration and habit of freedom?

The common opinion that the Indian cannot bear civilization because it denies to him the rude and merely animal excitements which are the constituents of barbarism, that in fact he is as much out of place as an ichthyosaurus in the once torrid seas would be in the cooler waters of the present ocean, and is therefore a vanishing product of evolution, when examined critically, is found to be wide of the truth. Every

dently the Esquimaux cannot survive at the equator any more than the negro can live near the poles, but that both states have been derived progressively from the same source is not denied. We are too much inclined to reckless generalizing with the Indian, who is not like the Saurians that perished from a change of physical environment. On the contrary, the present physical conditions are favorable to his continuance and the excitements that kept his faculties in healthy exercise in his tribal state can be found with slight modification among civilized people. That part of civilization which is poison to him is equally poisonous to the white man and is found in the abuses of civilization. He has been compelled to bear the diseases and abuses which the white man brought, without the curative relief which is the resource of the white man. To be sure, we provide doctors at the call of the penned-up agency Indian when he is sick, but what kind of success should we expect from the treatment by even skilled physicians who are actuated by a laudable desire for scientific experiment and who at the same time hold the common opinion that an Indian is only good when he is dead? Perhaps it is quite within a rational judgment to say that he is treated without that attentive sympathy bestowed by the white doctor upon one of his own race, and so far as we know there is no Christian Science to lift him up from the slough of despond into which many white people drift despite the help that other science brings. We expect him to pass from the free, wild, out-of-door life of the nomad, to the in-door, artificial life of a citizen, by the influence of example, and because he does not make a success of the compulsory venture, but suffers dejection, we at once declare him unfit and a vanishing relic of a by-gone age. How we forget that such a requirement is not according to the order of nature, that no such jumping transposition was ever known of any tribe or people inhabiting the earth. We did not pass from cave-dwellers to our present state except by ages of preparation and experience whereof science was born, arts multiplied and perfected, all of which

are causative accompaniments of progress. With us it was lawful evolution; in truth there was no other way, and yet we require that the Indian shall pass to our social and industrial status by remaining on the outside. How absurd and how unjust to him.

Evolution may be rapid or slow, but knowledge and adaptation are essential to it, and hence he must be taught; he must have access to the white man's accumulations. If he live in houses and have artificially prepared food, he must have a knowledge of hygienic laws in order to survive, and it was the first duty of the government when it compelled him to abandon his aboriginal mode of life to induct him by the natural entryway to the higher type of existence. Let us say that the reservation system was in that direction, but it was in practice only a half-hearted experiment, for in carrying out the design, it was entrusted to its enemies. Was it ever known in the United States that the Indian Department instructed its agents to see that Indians' houses be constructed in conformity with sanitary requirements? Instead, they are the merest dens, unfitted for human habitations; real pest houses in which no race, civilized or savage, could long tarry.

Look at the other side a moment. Our libraries are plethoric of books upon physiology, hygiene, housebuilding, domestic sanitation, etc., and yet the people who have access to them employ architects to plan and mechanics to construct their dwellings, and after that, if living in cities, they are under supervision of health boards and compelled to habits of cleanliness promotive of their own and the public welfare.

From this cursory and incomplete view of the subject, any one can see with half an eye that the Indian, in the vernacular of the street, "is not in it"; he is not involved with the civilizing processes and until he is there is no progress for him. To expect more is to be disappointed, for it is an expectation that could not be realized with any race. Booker T. Washington understands the problem and is solving it every day.

The government is doing the work at Chemawa, provided the Indians there educated become like the negro Washington, teachers of their people, instead of doing as nearly all have done, becoming mere parasites in the outskirts and slums of civilization.